collated
& Perfect.
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A Looking Glaſse for LONDON AND England.

Made by *Thomas Lodge* Gentleman, and *Robert Greene*.

In Artibus Magiſter.

First Edition.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſold by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreete.
1594.

A LOOKING GLASSE FOR London and England.

Enters *Rasin* King of *Niniuie*, with three Kings of *Cicilia*, *Creete*, and *Paphlagonia*, from the ouerthrow of *Ieroboam*, King of *Ierusalem*.

SO pace ye on tryumphant warriours,
Make Venus Lemmon armd in al his pomp,
Bash at the brightnesse of your hardy lokes,
For you the Viceroyes and the Caualires,
That wait on Rasins royall mightinesse:
Boast pettie kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars haue made your fortunes clime so high,
To giue attend on Rasins excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Niniuie,
Rounded with Lycas siluer flowing streams,
Whose Citie large Diametri containes,
Euen three daies iournies length from wall to wall,
Two hundreth gates carued out of burnisht brasse,
As glorious as the portoyle of the Sunne,
And for to decke heauens battlements with pride,
Six hundreth Towers that topleſſe touch the cloudes:
This Citie is the fortestoole of your King,
A hundreth Lords do honour at my feete,
My scepter straineth both the poralels,
And now to t'enlarge the highnesse of my power,
I haue made Iudeas Monarch flie the field,
And beat proud Ieroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,

Great Iewries God that foilde stout Benhadab,
Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought,
For be he God in heauen, yet Viceroyes know,
Rasni is God on earth and none but he.

Cicilia. If louely shape, feature by natures skill,
Passing in beautie faire Endymions,
That Luna wrapt within her snowy brests,
Or that swéet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Transformde vnto a purple Hiacynth,
If beauties Nunpareile in excellence,
May make a King match with the Gods in gré,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but hé.

Creet. If martial lokes wrapt in a cloud of wars
More fierce then Mars, lightneth fro his eyes
Sparkling reuenge and dyre disparagement:
If doughtie déeds more haughtie then any done,
Seald with the smile of fortune and of fate,
Matchlesse to manage Lance and Curteler.
If such high actions grac'd with victories,
May make a King match with the Gods in gré,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but hé.

Paphlag. If Pallas wealth.

Rasni. Viceroyes inough, peace Paphlagon no more,
Sée wheres my sister faire Remilia,
Fairer then was the virgin Dania,
That waits on Venus with a golden show,
She that hath stolne the wealth of Rasnes lokes,
And tide his thoughts within her louely lockes,
She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King,
Sée where she comes to gratulate my fame.

Enters Radagon with Remilia, sister to Rasni, Aluia wife to Paphlagon, and other Ladies, bring a Globe seated in a ship.

Remilia. Victorious Monarch, second vnto Ioue,
Mars vpon earth, and Neptune on the Seas,

Whose

Whose frowne stroyes all the Ocean with a calme,
Whose smile, drawes Flora to display her pride,
Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Rasni the Regent of great Niniuie,
For thou hast foyld proud Ieroboams force,
And like the mustering breath of Æolus,
That ouerturnes the pines of Libanon,
Hast scattered Iury and her vpstart gromes,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,
Remilia greets thee with a kinde salute,
And for a present to thy mightinesse,
Giues thee a Globe folded within a ship,
As King on earth and Lord of all the Seas,
With such a welcome vnto Nyniuie
As may thy sisters humble loue afford.

Rasni. Sister. The title fits not thy degree,
A higher state of honour shall be thine,
The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt,
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And she that basht the sun-god with her eyes,
Faire Semele the choyce of Venus maides,
Were not so beautious as Remelia.
Then sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,
But Rasnes wife, his Lemnon and his loue.
Thou shalt like Iuno wed thy selfe to Ioue,
And fold me in the riches of thy faire,
Remilia shall be Rasnes Paramour.
For why if I be Mars for warlike deeds?
And thou bright Venus for thy cleare aspect,
Why should not from our loynes issue a sonne,
That might be Lord of royall soueraintie?
Of twentie worlds, if twentie worlds might be,
What saist Remilia, art thou Rasnes wife?

Remilia. My heart doth swell with fauour of thy (thoughts,
The loue of Rasni maketh me as proud
As Iuno when she woze heauens Diademe.

Thy

Thy ſiſter borne was for thy wife by loue,
Had I the riches nature locketh vp,
To decke her darling, beautie when ſhe ſmiles,
Raſin ſhould prancke him in the pride of all.

Raſin. Remelias loue is farre more either pride,
Then Ieroboams or the worlds ſubdue,
Lordings ile haue my weddings ſumptuous,
Made glorious with the treaſures of the world,
Ile fetch from Albia ſhelues of Margarites,
And ſtrip the Indies of their Diamonds,
And Tyre ſhall yeld me tribute of her gold,
To make Remelias wedding glorious,
Ile ſend for all the Damoſell Quéenes that liue
Within the reach of Raſins gouernment,
To wait as hand-maides on Remelia,
That her attendant traine may paſſe the troupe
That gloried Venus at her wedding day.

Creete. Oh my Lord, not ſiſter to thy loue,
Tis inceſt and too fowle a fact for Kings,
Nature allowes no limits to ſuch luſt. (Lord,

Rada. Preſumptuous Viceroy darſt thou check thy
Or twit him with the lawes that nature lowes,
Is not great Raſin aboue natures reach,
God vpon earth, and all his will is law.

Creet. Oh flatter not, for hatefull is his choice,
And ſiſters loue will blemiſh all his worth.

Radag. Doth not the brightneſſe of his maieſtie,
Shadow his déeds from being counted faults.

Raſin. Well haſt thou anſwered within Radon,
I like thée for thy learned Sophiſtri,
But thou of Creet that countercheckſt thy King,
Packe hence in exile, Radagon the Crowne,
Be thée Vicegerent of his royaltie,
And faile me not in what my thoughts may pleaſe,
For from a beggar haue I brought thée vp,
And graceſt thée with the honour of a Crowne,

Ye quandam king, what sèd ye on delates?
Creete. Better no king then Viceroy vnder him
That hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.
Rasni. Remilias, what faire dames be those that wait
Attendant on thy matchlesse royaltie?
Remilia. Tis Aluia, the faire wife to the king of Paphlagonia.
Rasni. Trust me she is faire thatt Paphlagon a Jewell,
To fold thée in so bright a swéetings armes.
Rad. Like you her my Lord?
Rasni. What if I do Radagon?
Rada. Why thẽ she is yours my Lord, for mariage
Makes no exception, where Rasni doth command.
Paphla. Ill doest thou counsel him to fancy wines.
Rada. Wife or not wife, what so he likes is his.
Rasni. Well answered Radagon thou art for me,
Fèd thou mine humour, and be still a king.
Lords go in tryumph of my happie loues,
And for to feast vs after all our broyles,
Froliche and reuell it in Niniue.
Whatsoeuer befitteth your conceited thoughts,
Or good or ill, loue or not loue my boyes,
In lone or what may satisfie your lust,
Act it my Lords, for no man dare say no.
Smith. *Denesum imperium Cum Ione nunc teneo.*

Exeunt.

Enters brought in by an Angell *Osea* the Prophet, and set downe ouer the Stage in a Throne.

Angell. Amaze not man of God, it in the spirit
Th'art brought from Iewry vnto Niniue,
So was Elias wrapt within a storme,
And set vpon mount Carnell by the Lord,
For thou hast preacht long to the stubborne Iewes,
Whose flintie hearts haue felt no swèet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Haue still perseuerd in their wickednesse.

Loe I haue brought thée vnto Niniuie,
The rich and royall Citie of the world,
Pampred in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,
As Sodome and Gomorrha full of sin,
The Lord lookes downe, and cannot sée one good,
Not one that couets to obey his will,
But wicked all, from Cradle to the Cruch.
Note then Oseas all their grieuous sinnes,
And sée the wrath of God that paies reuenge.
And when the ripenesse of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
Ile carry thée to Iewry backe againe,
And seate thée in the great Ierusalem,
There shalt thou publish in her open stréetes,
That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sin,
On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake,
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues,
On such as heare the swéetnesse of his voice,
And yet obey not what his Prophets speake,
Sit thée Oseas pondring in the spirit,
The mightinesse of these fond peoples sinnes,

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done.

Exit Angell.

Enters the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians, to go to drinke.

Ruffian. Come on Smyth, thou shalt be one of the Crew, because thou knowst where the best Ale in the Town is.

Smith. Come on, in faith my colts I haue left my Wife striking of a heat, and stole away because I would kéep you company.

Clowne. Why what shall we haue this paltrie Smith with vs?

Smith,

and England. [illegible] to the forfeyt of the recog-

Smith. Paltry Smith, why you in[illegible]
you that you speak pettie trea[illegible] why tis but foure, and
trade? [illegible], if it were so sir,

Clowne. Why slaue I am a gentleman of [illegible]

Smith. A Gentleman good sir, I remember [illegible] then? if I offer
your progenitors, your father bare office in our [illegible] I will re-
man he was, and in great discredit in the parish,
ed two squiers liuings on him, the one was on [illegible] I w[illegible] maister for
and then he kept the towne stage, and on [illegible] haue
him the Sextens man, for he whipt dogs out of the [illegible]
sir, your father, why sir mee-thinks I see the Gen[illegible]
proper youth, he was faith aged some foure & ten, his b[illegible]
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that after his death it should haue bin nailed vp in Copp[illegible]
hall for a monument: well sir, I was beholding to your [illegible]
ther, for he was the first man that euer instructed me in th[illegible]
sterie of a pot of Ale.

2. Well said Smith, that crost him ouer the thumbs.

Clowne. Villaine were it not that we go to be merry, n[illegible]
pier should presently quit thy opproprious termes. [illegible] needie
O Peter, Peter, put vp thy sword I prithie heartily into thy s[illegible] ou hi-
bard, hold in your rapier, for though I haue not a long reach
haue a short hitter. Nay then gentlemen stay me, for my ch[illegible] emem-
begins to rise against him, for marke the words a paltry Sm[illegible] ay you
Oh horrible sentence, thou hast in these words I will stand t[illegible]
libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore hor[illegible] gente-
Coursers, Curtalls, Iades, Cuts, Hackneies, and Mares, whe[illegible]
upon my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curse, shalt n[illegible]
be worth a horse of thine owne this seuen yeare. [illegible] ie so

1. Clowne. I prithie Smith is your occupation so excellen[illegible] uide
A paltry Smith, why ile stand to it, a Smith is Lord of the foure [illegible]
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...a Cuckold.

...ye cald your father cousin, paltry smith,
...ord thou hast defaced their worshipfull occu-

...s how?

...stand to it, that a Smith in his kinde is a Phi-
...on and a Barber. For let a Horse take a cold, or
...ith the bots, and we straight giue him a potion or
...phisicall maner that he mends straight, if
...ward diseases, as the spuing, splent, ring-bone,
...or fashion, or sir a galled backe, we let him blood & clap
...r to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a ve-
...geance, now if his mane grow out of order, and he haue
...llious haires, we straight to our shéeres and trim him
...hat cut it please vs, picke his eares and make him neat,
...indéed sir, we are flouings for one thing, we neuer vse
...musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason is sir, because
...an woe without kissing.

Clowne. Well sirrha, leaue off these praises of a Smyth,
...ing vs to the best Ale in the Towne.

...w sir I haue a feate aboue all the Smythes in Niniuie, for sir
I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale, for
...arke you sir, a pot of Ale consists of foure parts, Imprimis the
...e, the Toast, the Ginger, and the Nutmeg.

Clowne. Excellent.

...e Ale is a restorative, bread is a binder, marke you sir two ex-
...cellent points in phisicke, the Ginger, oh ware of that, the phi-
losophers haue written of the nature of ginger, tis expullsitiue
in two degrées, you shal here the sentence of Galen, it wil make
a man belch, rough, and fart, and is a great comfort to the hart,
a proper poesie I promise you, but now to the noble vertue of
the Nutmeg, it is saith one Ballad I think an English Roman
was the authour, an vnderlayer to the braines, for when the
Ale giues a buffet to the head, oh the Nutmeg that keepes him
for while in temper.

Thus you sée the discription of the vertue of a pot of Ale, now sir

to

to put my phisical precepts in practise f..
any further.

Clowne. Whats the matter now?
Why seeing I haue prouided the Ale, who is ..
wenches, for masters take this of me, a cup..
wench, why alasse tis like an egge without salt, ...
without mustard.
Lead vs to the Ale, wele haue wenches inough I w..

Oseas. Iniquitie seekes out companions still,
And mortall men are armed to do ill:
London looke on, this matter nips thee neere,
Leaue off thy ryot, pride and sumptuous cheere.
Spend lesse at boord, and spare not at the doore,
But aide the infant, and releeue the poore:
Else seeking mercy being mercilesse,
Thou be adiudged to endlesse heauinesse.

Enters the Vsurer, a yoong Gentleman, and a poore man.

Vsurer. Come on, I am euery day troubled with these needie companions, what newes with you, what wind brings you hither.

Gent. Sir I hope how far soeuer you make it off, you remember too well for me, that this is the day wherin I should pay you mony that I toke vp of you alate in a commoditie.

Poore man. And sir, sirreuerence of your manhood and gentrie, I haue brought home such mony as you lent me.

Vsurer. You yong Gentleman is my mony readie.

Gentle. Truly sir this time was so short, the commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not prouide it against the day, wherefore I am come to intreat you to stand my friend and to fauour me with a longer time, and I wil make you sufficient consideration.

Vsurer. Is the winde in that doore, if thou hast my mony so it is, I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forfeyt

ir consider that my losse was great by the
e vp, you knowe sir I borrowed of you forty
I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds
, which when I came to sell againe, I could get
pounds for them, so had I sir but fifteene poundes for
In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you sir
month longer.

Vser. I answered thée afore not a minute, what haue I to do how thy bargain proued, I haue thy hand set to my booke that thou receiuedst forty pounds of me in mony.

Gent. I sir it was your deuise that, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had.

Poore. Friend thou speakest Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience, for he hath as much conscience about the forfeyt of an Obligation, as my blinde Mare God blesse her, hath ouer a manger of Oates.

Gent. Then there is no fauour sir?

Vsurer. Come to morrow to mée, and sée how I will vse thée.

Gent. No couetous Caterpillar, know, that I haue made extreame shift rather then I would fall into the hands of such a rauening panthar, and therefore here is thy mony and deliuer me the recognisance of my lands.

Vsurer. What a spight is this, hath sped of his Crownes, if he had mist but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for forty pounds, well tis my cursed fortune, Oh haue I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance.

Gent. Come sir will you dispatch and tell your mony.

Strikes 4. a clocke.

Vsurer. Stay, what is this a clocke foure, let me sée, to be paid betweén the houres of thrée and foure in the afternoone, this goes right for me, you sir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation, the houre is past, it was to be paid betweéne thrée and foure, and now the clocke hath stroken foure,

foure, I will receiue none, Ile stand to the forfeyt of the recognisance.

Gent. Why sir, I hope you do but iest, why tis but foure, and will you for a minute take forfeyt of my bond, if it were so sir, I was here before foure.

Vsurer. Why didst thou not tender thy mony then? if I offer thée iniury take the law of me, complaine to the Iudge, I will receiue no mony.

Poore. Well sir, I hope you will stand my good maister for my Cow, I borrowed thirtie shillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tell you sir, she giues a goodly soape: now sir here is your mony.

Vsurer. Hang beggarly knaue, commest to me for a Cow, did I not bind her bought and sold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yesterday, thou getst no Cow at my hand.

Poore. No Cow sir, alasse that word no Cow, goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drinke in a frostie morning. No Cow sir, why alasse, alasse, M. Vsurer, what shall become of me my wife, and my poore childe?

Vsurer. Thou getst no Cow of me knaue, I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

Poore. Nay but heare you M. Vsurer, no Cow, why sir heres your thirtie shillings, I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, & therefore there is reason I should haue my Cow.

Vsurer. What pratest thou, haue I not answered thée thy day is broken?

Poore. Why sir alasse, my Cow is a Common-wealth to me, for first sir, she allowes me, my wife and sonne, for to banket our selues withal, Butter, Chéese, Whay, Curds, Creame, sod milk, raw-milke, sower-milke, swéete-milk, and butter-milke, besides sir, she saued me euery yeare a peny in Almanackes, for she was as good to me as a Prognostication, if she had but set vp her tayle and haue gallapt about the meade, my litle boy was able to say, oh father there will be a storme, her verie taile was a Kalender to me, & now to lose my cow, alas M. Vsurer take pittie vpō me.

Vsurer.

Vsurer. I haue other matters to talke on, farwell fellowes.

Gent. Why but thou couetous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy mony and deliuer me my recognisance?

Vsurer. Ile deliuer thee none, if I haue wronged thee, seeke thy mends at the law.

Gent. And so I will insatiable pesant.

Poore. And sir, rather then I will put vp this word no Cow, I will laie my wiues best gowne to pawne, I tell you sir, when the slaue vttered this word no Cow, it stroke to my heart, for my wife shall neuer haue one so fit for her turne againe, for indeed sir, she is a woman that hath her tinidling strings broke.

Gent. What meanest thou by that fellow?

Poore. Marry sir, sirreuerence of your manhood, she breakes winde behinde, and indeed sir, when she sat milking of her Cow and let a fart, my other Cowes would start at the noyse, and kick downe the milke and away, but this Cow sir the gentlest Cow, my wife might blow whilst she burst, and hauing such good conditions, shall the Vsurer come vpon me with no Cow: Nay sir, before I pocket vp this word no Cow, my wiues gowne goes to the Lawier, why alasse sir tis as ill a word to me, as no Crowne to a King.

Gent. Well fellow, go with me, and ile helpe thee to a Lawyer.

Poore. Marry and I will sir: No Cow, well the world goes hard. *Exeunt.*

Oseas.

Oseas. Where hatefull vsurie
Is counted husbandrie,
Where mercilesse men rob the poore,
And the needie are thrust out of doore.
Where gaine is held for conscience,
And mens pleasures is all on pence,
Where yong Gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the Vsurers hands:
Where pouertie is despisde & pity banished
And mercy indeed vtterly vanished.

Where

Where men eſteeme more of mony then of God,
Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod.
For there is no ſin more odious in his ſight,
Then where vſurie defraudes the poore of his right.
London take heed, theſe ſinnes abound in thee:
The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee.
The Gentlemen by ſubtiltie are ſpoilde,
The plough-men looſe the crop for which they toild.
Sin raignes in thee ô London euery houre,
Repent and teinpt not thus the heauenly power.

Enters Remilia, with a traine of Ladies in all royaltie.

Remilia. Faire Quéenes, yet handmaids vnto Raſnes loue,
Tell me, is not my ſtate as glorious
As Iunoes pomp, when tyred with heauens deſpoile,
Clad in her veſtments, ſpotted all with ſtarres,
She croſt the ſiluer path vnto her Ioue,
Is not Remilias far more beautious,
Richt with the pride of natures excellence?
Then Venus in the brighteſt of her ſhine.
My haires, ſurpaſſe they not Apollos locks,
Are not my Treſſes curled with ſuch art,
As loue delights to hide him in their faire?
Doth not mine eyne ſhine like the morning lampe
That tels Anrera when her loue will come?
Haue I not ſtolne the beautie of the heauens,
And plac'ſt it on the feature of my face?
Can any Goddeſſe make compare with me?
Or match her with the faire Remilia?

Aluida. The beauties ỹ proud Paris ſaw fro Troy
Puſhring in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not ſo gorgious as Remilia.

Remilia. I haue trickt my tramels vp with richeſt balme,
And made my perfumes of the pureſt Myrre:
The pretious drugs that Aegypts wealth affords,

The costly paintings fetcht fro curious Tyre,
Haue mended in my face what nature miſt.
Am I not the earths wonder in my lookes?
Alui. The wonder of the earth & pride of heauen.
Remilia. Looke Aluida a haire ſtands not amiſſe,
For womens locks are tramels of conceit,
Which do intangle loue for all his wiles.
Aluid. Madam, vnleſſe you coy it trick and trim,
And plaie the ciuill wanton ere you yéld,
Smiting diſdaine of pleaſures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Raſni on the chéeke,
When he preſumes to kiſſe without conſent:
You marre the market, beautie nought auailes.
You muſt be proud, for pleaſures hardly got,
Are ſwéete, if once attainde.
Remilia. Faire Aluida,
Thy counſell makes Remilia paſſing wiſe.
Suppoſe that thou weart Raſnes mightineſſe,
And I Remilia Prince of excellence.
Aluida. I would be maiſter then of loue and thée.
Remil. Of loue and me. Proud & diſdainful king,
Dar'ſt thou preſume to touch a Deitie,
Before ſhe grace thée with a yéelding ſmile?
Aluida. Tut my Remilia, be not thou ſo coy,
Say nay, and take it.
Remilia. Careleſſe and vnkinde,
Talkes Raſni to Remilia in ſuch ſort
As if I did enioy a humane forme?
Looke on thy Loue, behold mine eyes diuine,
And dar'ſt thou twit me with a womans fault?
Ah Raſni thou art raſh to iudge of me,
I tell thée Flora oft hath wode my lips,
To lend a Roſe to beautifie her ſpring,
The ſea-Nymphs fetch their lillies from my chéeks.
Then thou vnkind, and hereon would I weépe.
Alui. And here would Aluida reſigne her charge,

For were I but in thought Th'assirian King,
I nérds must quite thy teares, with kisses swéete,
And craue a pardon with a friendly touch,
You know it Madam though I teach it not,
The touch I meane, you smile when as you think il.

Remi. How am I pleas'd to hear thy pritty prate,
According to the humor of my minde?
Ah Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia?
The gentle winds haue wode me with their sighes,
The frowning aire hath clérde when I did smile,
And when I tract vpon the tender grasse,
Loue that makes warme the center of the earth,
Lift vp his crest to kisse Remelias foote,
Iuno still entertaines her amorous Ioue,
With new delights, for feare he loke on me,
The Phœnix feathers are become my Fanne,
For I am beauties Phœnix in this world.
Shut close these Curtaines straight and shadow me,
For feare Apollo spie me in his walkes,
And scorne all eyes, to sée Remilias eyes.
Nymphes, Knaues, sing, for Mauors draweth nigh,
Hide me in Closure, let him long to loke,
For were a Goddesse fairer then am I,
Ile scale the heauens to pull her from the place.

They draw the Curtaines and Musicke plaies.

Aluida. Beléeue me, tho she say that she is faireſt,
I thinke my peny siluer by her leaue.

Enter Rasni with his Lords in pomp, who make a ward about him, with him the Magi in great pompe.

Rasni. Magi for loue of Rasni by your Art,
By Magicke frame an Arbour out of hand,
For fairé Remilia to desport her in.
Meane-while, I will bethinke me on further pomp.

Exit.

The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and from vnder the ſame riſeth a braue Arbour, the King returneth in an other ſute while the Trumpettes ſounde.

Raſni. Bleſt be ye man of Art that grace me thus,
And bleſſed be this day where Himen hies,
To ioyne in vnion pride of heauen and earth.
Lightning and thunder vvherevvith Remilia is ſtrooken.
What wondrous threatning noyſe is this I heare?
What flaſhing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I drawe neare Remelias royall Tent,
I waking, dreame of ſorrow and miſhap.
Rada. Dread not O King, at ordinary chance,
Theſe are but common exalations,
Drawne from the earth, in ſubſtance hote and drie,
Or moiſt and thicke, or Meteors combuſt,
Matters and cauſes incident to time,
Inkindled in the firie region firſt.
Tut be not now a Romane Angurer,
Approach the Tent, loke on Remelia.
Raſni. Thou haſt confirmd my doubts kinde Radagon.
Now ope ye foldes where Quéne of fauour ſits,
Carrying a Net within her curled locks,
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft:
Ope like th'imperiall gates where Phœbus ſits,
When as he meanes to wowe his Clitia.
Necternall Cares, ye blemiſhers of bliſſe,
Cloud not mine eyes whilſt I behold her face.
Remilia my delight, ſhe anſwereth not.
He dravves the Curtaines and findes her ſtroken vvith Thunder, blacke.
How pale? as if bereau'd in fatall mædes,
The balmy breath hath left her boſome quite,

My Heſperus by cloudie death is blent,
Villaines away, fetch Sircopes of the Inde,
Fetch Balſomo the kind preſerue of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch all
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.

They bring in all theſe and offer, nought preuailes.

Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alaſſe there nought preuailes.
Shut are the day-bright eyes, that made me ſée,
Lockt are the Iems of ioy in dens of death,
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her.
Malicious miſtreſſe of inconſtancie,
Damd be thy name, that haſt obſcur'd my ioy,
Kings, Viceroyes, Princes, reare a royall tombe
For my Remilia, beare her from my ſight,
Whilſt I in teares, weepe for Remilia.

They beare her out.

Rada. What maketh Raſni mødie? Loſſe of one?
As if no more were left ſo faire as ſhe?
Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,
Faire Aluida the Paphlagonian Quéene,
Woe her, and leaue this weeping for the dead.

Raſ. What woe my ſubiects wife that honoreth me?

Rada. Tut Kings this meum tuum ſhould not know.
Is ſhe not faire? Is not her huſband hence?
Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon.
A prittie peate to driue your mourne away.

Raſni. She ſmiles on me, I ſée ſhe is mine owne.
Wilt thou be Raſnes royall Paramour?

Rad. She bluſhing yéelds concent, make no diſpute:
The King is ſad, and muſt be gladded ſtraight.
Let Paphlagonian King go mourne meane-while.

He thruſt the King out, and ſo they *Exeant.*

Oſcar. Pride hath his iudgement, London looke about,
Tis not inough in ſhovv to be deuout,
A Furie novv from heauen to lands vnknovvne,
Hath made the Prophet ſpeake, not to his ovvne,

Flie wantons flie, this pride and vaine attire,
The seales to set your tender hearts on fire.
Be faithfull in the promise you haue past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last.
When lust is hid in shroude of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife.
Marke but the Prophets, we that shortly showes,
After death exspect for many woes.

Enters the poore man and the Gentleman,
with their Lawier.

Gent. I need not sir discourse vnto you the dutie of Lawiers in tendering the right cause of their Clients, nor the conscience you are tied vnto by higher command. Therefore suffise the Vsurer hath done me wrong, you know the Case, and good sir, I haue strained my selfe to giue you your fées.

Lawier. Sir if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open periury, for the case is euident.

Poore. And truly sir, for my case, if you helpe me not for my matter, why sir, I and my wife are quite vndone, I want my meale of milke when I goe to my worke, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes to schoole, M. Lawier pitie me, for surely sir, I was faine to laie my wiues best gowne to pawne for your fées, when I lookt vpon it sir, and saw how hansomly it was dawbed with statute lace, and what a faire mockado Cape it had, and then thought how hansomely it became my wife, truly sir my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution, I fell on weeping, but when I thought on the words the Vsurer gaue me, no Cow: then sir, I would haue stript her into her smocke, but I would make him deliuer my Cow ere I had done, therefore good M. Lawier stand my friend.

Lawier. Trust me father, I will do for thée as much as for my selfe.

Poore. Are you married sir?

Lawier. I marry am I father.

Poore. Then gods Benison light on you & your good wife,

and send her that she be neuer troubled with my wiues disease.

Lawier. Why whats thy wiues disease?

Poore. Truly sir, she hath two open faults, and one priuie fault, sir the first is, she is to eloquet for a poore man, and hath her words of Art, for she will call me Rascall, Rogue, Runnagate, Varlet, Vagabond, Slaue, Knaue. Why alasse sir, and these be but holi-day tearmes, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith sir they be ratlers like thunder sir, for after the deue followes a storme, for then am I sure either to be well buffetted, my face scratcht, or my head broken, and therefore good M. Lawyer on my knees I aske it, let me not go home again to my wife, with this word, No Cow: for then shee will exercise her two faults vpon me with all extremitie.

Lawier. Feare not man, but what is thy wiues priuy fault?

Poore. Truly sir, thats a thing of nothing, alasse she indeed sirreuerence of your mastership, doth vse to breake winde in her sleepe. Oh sir, here comes the Judge, and the old Caitife the Vsurer.

Enters the Iudge, the Vsurer, and his attendants.

Vsurer. Sir here is fortie angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundreth pound or two, tis readie at your command, or the feeding of three or foure fat bullocks: whereas these needie slaues can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee, and therfore I pray you sir fauour my case.

Iudge. Feare not sir, Ile do what I can for you.

Vsurer. What maister Lawier what make you here, mine aduersary for these Clients?

Lawier. So it chanceth now sir.

Vsurer. I know you know the old Prouerbe, He is not wise, that is not wise for himselfe. I would not be disgracst in this action, therefore here is twentie angels say nothing in the matter, and what you say, say to no purpose, for the Judge is my friend.

Lawier. Let me alone, Ile fit your purpose.

Iudge. Come, where are these fellowes that are the plaintifes, what can they say against this honest Citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

Poore.

Poore. Truly M. Iudge, he is a man much spoken off, marry euery mans cries are against him, and especially we, and therefore I thinke we haue brought our Lawier to touch him with as much law as will fetch his landes and my Cowe, with a pestilence.

Gent. Sir, I am the other plaintife and this is my Councellour, I beseech your honour be fauourable to me in equitie.

Iudge. Oh Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gentlemans behalfe?

Lawyer. Faith sir as yet litle good, sir tell you your owne case to the Iudge, for I haue so many matters in my head, that I haue almost forgotten it.

Gent. Is the winde in that doore, why then my Lord thus, I toke vp of this cursed Vsurer, for so I may well tearme him, a commoditie of fortie poundes, whereof I receiued ten pounde in mony, & thirtie pound in Lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but fiue pounds: for the assurance of this badde commoditie, I bound him my land in recognisance, I came at my day and tendred him his mony and he would not take it, for the redresse of my open wrong, I craue but iustice.

Iudge. What say you to this sir?

Vsurer. That first he had no Lute-strings of me, for loke you sir, I haue his owne hand to my booke for ỹ receit of fortie pound.

Gent. That was sir, but a deuise of him to colour the Statute.

Iudge. Well he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more in law, but now sir, he saies his mony was tendred at the day and houre.

Vsurer. This is manifest contrary sir, and on that I will depose, for here is the obligation, to be paide betweene three & foure in the after-noone, and the Clocke strooke foure before he offered it, and the words be betweene three and foure, therefore to be tendred before foure.

Gent. Sir, I was there before foure, & he held me with brabling till the Clock strooke, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and keepe the recognisance of my land for so

small

ſmall a trifle: God Signor Mizaldo ſpeak what is law, you haue your fée, you haue heard what the caſe is, and therefore do me iuſtice and right, I am a yong Gentleman and ſpeake for my patrimony.

Lawier. Faith ſir, the Caſe is altered, you told me it before in an other maner, the law goes quite againſt you, and therfore you muſt pleade to the Judge for fauour.

Gent. O execrable bribery.

Poore. Faith ſir Judge, I pray you let me be the Gentlemans Counſellour, for I can ſay thus much in his defence, that the Uſurers Clocke is the ſwifteſt Clock in all the Towne, tis ſir like a womans tongue, it goes euer halfe an houre before the time, for when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Towne ſtroke foure.

Iudge. Hold thy prating fellow, and you yong Gentleman, this is my ward, loke better another time both to your bargains and to the paiments, for I muſt giue flat ſentence againſt you, that for default of tendering the mony betwéene the houres, you haue forfeited your recogniſance, and be to haue the land.

Gent. O inſpeakeable iniuſtice.

Poore. O monſtrous, miſerable, moth-eaten Judge.

Iudge. Now you fellow, what haue you to ſay for your matter?

Poore. Maiſter Lawier, I laid my wiues gowne to pawne for your fées, I pray you to this géere.

Lawier. Alaſſe poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore I pray thée tell it thy ſelfe.

Poore. I hold my Cap to a noble, that the Uſurer hath giuen him ſome gold, and he chawing it in his mouth, hath got ỳ toothache that he cannot ſpeake.

Iudge. Well ſirrha, I muſt be ſhort, and therefore ſay on.

Poore. M. maiſter Judge, I borrowed of this man thirtie ſhillings, for which I left him in pawne my good Cow, the bargaine was, he ſhould haue eightéene pence a wéeke and the Cows milk for vſurie: Now ſir, aſſone as I had gotten the mony, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refuſed his mony and

kéepes my Cow ſir.

Iudge. Why thou haſt giuen ſentence againſt thy ſelfe, for in breaking thy day thou haſt loſt thy Cow.

Poore. Maſter Lawier now for my ten ſhillings.

Lawier. Faith poore man, thy Caſe is ſo bad I ſhall but ſpeak againſt thée.

Poore. Were good thẽ I ſhuld haue my ten ſhillings again.

Lawier. Tis my fée fellow for comming, wouldſt thou haue me come for nothing?

Poore. Why then am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cow, but no gowne, this géere goes hard.

Iudge. Well you haue heard what fauour I can ſhew you, I muſt do iuſtice, come M. Mizaldo and you ſir, go home with me to dinner.

Poore. Why but M. Iudge no Cow, & M. Lawier no gowne, Then muſt I cleane run out of the Towne.
How chére you gentleman, you crie no lands to, the Iudge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubd you ſir John lackland.

Gent. O miſerable time wherein gold is aboue God.

Poore. Feare not man, I haue yet a fetch to get thy landes and my Cow againe, for I haue a ſonne in the Court that is either a king or a kings fellow, and to him will I go & complaine on the Iudge and the Uſurer both.

Gent. And I will go with thée and intreat him for my Caſe.

Poore. But how ſhall I go home to my wife, when I ſhall haue nothing to ſay vnto her, but no Cow. Alaſſe ſir my wiues faults will fall vpon me.

Gent. Feare not, lets go, Ile quiet her ſhalt ſée.

Exeunt.

Oſeas. Flie Iudges flie, corruption in your Court,
The Iudge of truth, hath made your iudgement ſhort.
Looke ſo to iudge that at the latter day,
Ye be not iudg'd with thoſe that wend aſtray.
Who paſſerh iudgement for his priuate gaine,
He well may iudge, he is adiudg'd to paine.

Enters

Enters the Clowne and all his crew drunke.

Clowne. Farewell gentle Tapſter, maiſters as good Ale as euer was tapt, looke to your ſéete, for the Ale is ſtrong, well farwell gentle Tapſter.

1. Ruffian. Why ſirrha ſlaue, by heauens maker, thinkeſt thou the wench loue thée beſt becauſe ſhe laught on thée, giue me but ſuch an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

Clowne. Spill no drinke, ſpill no drinke, the Ale is good, Ile tel you what, Ale is Ale, & ſo Ile commend me to you with heartie commendations, farewell gentle Tapſter.

2. Why wherfore peaſant ſcornſt thou that the wench ſhould loue me, looke but on her, & ile thruſt my daggar in thy boſome.

1. Ruffian. Well ſirrha well, thart as thart, and ſo ile take (thée

2. Why what am I?

1. Why what thou wilt, a ſlaue.

2. Then take that villaine, and learne how thou vſe me another time.

1. Oh I am ſlaine.

2. Thats all one to me, I care not, now wil I in to my wench and call for a freſh pot.

Clown. Nay but heare ye, take me with ye, for the Ale is Ale, cut a freſh toaſt Tapſter, fil me a pot here is mony, I am no beggar, Ile follow thée as long as the Ale laſts: a peſtilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue had a fall, wel if we ſhal haue no Ale ile ſit me downe, and ſo farwell gentle Tapſter.

Here he fals ouer the dead man.

Enters the King, Aluida, the King of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with other attendant.

Raſni. What ſlaughtred wretch lies blerding here his laſt?
So neare the royall pallace of the King,
Search out if any one be biding nie,
That can diſcourſe the maner of his death,
Seate thée faire Aluida, the faire of faires,
Let not the obiect once offend thine eyes,

L. Heres one ſits here a ſléepe my Lord,

Raſni. Wake him and make enquiry of this thing.

Lord. Sirrha you, heareſt thou fellow?

Clowne. If you will fill a freſh pot heres a peny, or elſe farewell gentle Tapſter.

Lord. He is drunke my Lord.

Raſni. Weele ſport with him that Aluida may laugh.

L. Sirrha thou fellow, thou muſt come to the King.

Clowne. I wil not do a ſtroke of worke to day, for the Ale is good Ale, and you can aſke but a peny for a pot, no more by the ſtatute.

L. Villaine heres the King, thou muſt come to him.

Clown. The King come to an Ale-houſe, Tapſter, fil me three pots, wheres the King, is this he? giue me your hand ſir, as good Ale as euer was tapt, you ſhall drinke while your ſkin cracke.

Raſni. But heareſt thou fellow, who kild this man?

Clowne. Ile tell you ſir, if you did taſte of the Ale, all Niniue hath not ſuch a cup of Ale, it floures in the cup ſir, by my troth I ſpent eleuen pence beſide three raſes of ginger.

Raſni. Anſwer me knaue to my queſtion, how came this man ſlaine?

Clowne. Slain, why Ale is ſtrong Ale, tis huſcap, I warrant you twill make a man well, Tapſter ho, for the King a cup of ale and a freſh toaſt, heres two raſes more.

Aluida. Why good fellow the King talkes not of drinke, he would haue thee tell him how this man came dead.

Clowne. Dead nay, I thinke I am aliue yet, and wil drink a ful pot ere night, but here ye, if ye be the wench that fild vs drink, why ſo do your office, & giue vs a freſh pot, or if you be the Tapſters wife, why ſo, waſh the glaſſe cleane.

Aluida. He is ſo drunke my Lord, theres no talking with him.

Clowne. Drunke, nay then wench I am not drunke, thart a ſhitten queane to call me drunke, I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a Smith I.

Enters the Smith, the Clownes maiſter.

Lord. Sir here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Smith. God ſaue you maſter.

Raſni.

Rasni. Smith canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it please your highnesse, my man here and a true of them went to the Ale-house, and came out so drunke that one of them kild another, and now sir, I am faine to leaue my shop and come to fetch him home.

Rasni. Some of you carry away the dead bodie, drunken men must haue their fits, and sirrha Smith hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrha you, rise come go with me.

Clowne. If we shall haue a pot of Ale lets haue it, heres mony, hold Tapster take my purse.

Smith. Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

Clowne. I am for you, lets go, thart an honest Tapster, weele drinke fire pots ere we part.

Exeunt.

Rasni. Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,
Tell me faire sweeting, wants thou any thing?
Conteind within the threefold circle of the world,
That may make Aluida liue full content.

Aluida. Nothing my Lord, for all my thoughts are pleasde,
When as mine eye surfets with Rasnes sight.

Enters the King of Paphlagonia, male-content.

Rasni. Loke how thy husband haunts our royall Courts,
How still his sight breeds melancholy stormes,
Oh Aluida I am passion passionate,
And vext with wrath and anger to the death,
Mars when he held faire Venus on his knee,
And saw the limping Smith come from his forge,
Had not more deeper furrowes in his brow,
Then Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon.

Alui. Content thee sweet, ile salue thy sorow straight,
Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Rasni blyth againe,
Then say that womens fancies haue no shifts.

Paphla. Shamst thou not Rasni though thou best a King,
To shroude adultry in thy royall seate,
Art thou arch-ruler of great Niniuie,

Who shouldst excell in vertue as in state,
And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife,
Haue I not battail'd in thy troupes full oft,
Gainst Aegypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,
Spending my blood to purchase thy renowne,
And is the guerdon of my chiualrie,
Ended in this abusing of my wife,
Restore her me, or I will from thy Courts,
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

Ras. Why take her Paphlagon, exclaime not man,
For I do prise mine honour more then loue.
Faire Aluida go with thy husband home.

Alui. How dare I go, sham'd with so deep misdeed,
Reuenge will broile within my husbands brest,
And when he hath me in the Court at home,
Then Aluida shall feele reuenge for all.

Rasni. What saist thou king of Paphlagon to this?
Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon,
If she hath done amisse it is my fault,
I prithie pardon and forget all.

Paphla. If that I meant not Rasni to forgiue,
And quite forget the follies that are past,
I would not vouch her presence in my Courts,
But she shall be my Queene, my loue, my life,
And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon
And lou'd, and more belou'd then before.

Rasni. What saist thou Aluida to this?

Alui That will he sweare it to my Lord the king,
And in a full carouse of Grecish wine,
Drinke downe the malice of his deepe reuenge,
I will go home and loue him new againe.

Rasni. What answeres Paphlagon?

Paphla. That what she hath requested I wil do.

Alui. Go damosell fetch me that sweete wine
That stands within thy Closet on the shelfe,
Powre it into a standing bowle of gold,

But

But on thy life taſte not before the king,
Make haſt, why is great Raſni melancholy thus?
If promiſe be not kept, hate all for me.
Here is the wine my Lord, firſt make him ſweare.

Paphla. By Niniuies great gods, and Niniuies great king,
My thoughts ſhall neuer be to wrong my wife,
And thereon heres a full carowſe to her.

Alui. And there's Raſni heres a kiſſe for thée.
Now maiſt thou freely fold thine Aluida.

Paphla. Oh I am dead, obſtructions of my breath
The poiſon is of wondrous ſharpe effect,
Curſed be all adultrous quénes ſay I,
And curſing ſo pore Paphlagon doth die.

Alui. Now haue I not ſalued the ſorrowes of my Lord:
Haue I not ridariuall of thy loues,
What ſaiſt thou Raſni to thy Paramour?

Raſni. That for this déed ile decke my Aluida,
In Sendall and in coſtly Suſſapine,
Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond,
Ile cauſe great Eol perfume all his windes,
With richeſt myrre and curious Ambergréece,
Come louely minion, paragon for faire,
Come follow me ſwéet goddeſſe of mine eye,
And taſte the pleaſures Raſni will prouide. Exeunt.

Oſeas. Where whordome raines, there murther followes faſt,
As falling leaues before the winter blaſt.
A wicked life trainde vp in endleſſe crime,
Hath no regard vnto the latter time.
When Letchers ſhall be puniſht for their luſt,
When Princes plagu'd becauſe they are vniuſt.
Foreſee in time the warning bell doth towle,
Subdue the fleſh, by praier to ſaue the ſoule.
London behold the cauſe of others wracke,
And ſee the ſword of iuſtice at thy backe.
Deferre not off to morrow is too late,
By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy ſtate.

Enter

Enter Ionas *Solus*.

Ionas. From forth the depth of my impriſoned ſoule,
Steale you my ſighes, teſtifie my paine,
Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone,
My zealous praiers, vnto the ſtarrie throne:
Ah mercifull and iuſt thou dreadfull God,
Where is thine arme to laie reuengefull ſtroakes
Vpon the heads of our rebellious race?
Loe Iſraell once that flouriſht like the vine,
Is barraine laide, the beautifull encreaſe
Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeale
Incampeth there where vertue was inthroan'd
Ah-laſſe the while, the widow wants reliefe,
The fatherleſſe is wrongd by naked need,
Deuotion ſlæpes in cinders of Contempt,
Hypocriſie infects the holie Prieſt,
Aye me for this, woe me for theſe miſdeeds,
Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,
And ſigh to ſee thy Prophets ſo contem'd:
Ah-laſſe contem'd by curſed Iſraell.
Yet Ionas reſt content, tis Iſraels ſinne
That cauſeth this, then muſe no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amiſſe.

An Angell appeareth to Ionas.

Angel. Amithais ſonne, I charge thée muſe no more,
(I am) hath power to pardon and correct,
To thée pertains to do the Lords command.
Go girt thy loines, and haſt thée quickly hence,
To Niniuie, that mightie Citie wend,
And ſay this meſſage from the Lord of hoaſts,
Preach vnto them theſe tidings from thy God.
Behold thy wickednеſſe hath tempted me,
And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen,
Repent, or elſe thy iudgement is at hand.

This

This ſaid, the Angell vaniſheth.

Ionas Proſtrate I lye before the Lord of hoſtes,
With humble eares intending his beheſt,
Ah honoured be Iehoualis great command,
Then Ionas muſt to Niniuie repaire,
Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord,
Great dangers on this iourny do awaight,
But dangers none where heauens direct the courſe,
What ſhould I deeme, I ſee, yea ſighing ſee,
How Iſraell ſinne, yet knowes the way of truth,
And thereby growes the by-word of the world,
How then ſhould God in iudgement be ſo ſtrict?
Gainſt thoſe who neuer heard or knew his power,
To threaten vtter ruine of them all:
Should I report this iudgement of my God,
I ſhould incite them more to follow ſinne,
And publiſh to the world my countries blame,
It may not be, my conſcience tels me no.
Ah Ionas wilt thou proue rebellious then?
Conſider ere thou fall what errour is,
My minde miſgiues, to Ioppa will I flée,
And for a while to Tharſus ſhape my courſe,
Untill the Lord vnfret his angry browes.

Enter certaine Merchants of Tharſus, a Maiſter and ſome Sailers.

M. Come one braue merchants now the wind doth ſerue,
And ſweetly blowes a gale at Weſt Southweſt.
Our yardes a croſſe, our anchors on the pike,
What ſhall we hence and take this merry gale?

Mer. Sailers conuey our budgets ſtrait aboord,
And we will recompence your paines at laſt,
If once in ſafetie we may Tharſus ſée,
My.wéele feaſt theſe merry mates and thée.

M. Mean-while content your ſelues with ſilly cates,
Our beds are boordes, our feaſts are full of mirth,

We vſe no pompe, we are the Lords of ſée,
When Princes ſwet in care, we ſwincke of glée.
Orious ſhoulders and the pointers ſerue,
To be our load-ſtars in the lingering night,
The beauties of Arcturus we behold,
And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,
Yet knowes more Art then euer booke-men read.
Sailer. By heauens well ſaid, in honour of our trade,
Lets ſée the proudeſt ſcholler ſtir his courſe
Or ſhift his tides as filly ſailers do,
Then wil we yéld them praiſe, elſe neuer none.
Mer. Well ſpoken fellow in thine owne behalfe,
But let vs hence, wind tarries none you wot,
And tide and time let ſlip is hardly got.
M. March to the hauen merchants, I follow you.
Ionas. Now doth occaſion further my deſires,
I finde companions fit to aide my flight,
Staie ſir I pray, and heare a word or two.
M. Say on good friend, but briefly if you pleaſe,
My paſſengers by this time are aboord.
Ionas. Whether pretend you to imbarke your ſelues?
M. To Tharſus ſir, and here in Ioppa hauen
Our ſhip is preſt and readie to depart.
Ionas. May I haue paſſage for my mony then?
M. What not for mony? pay ten ſiluerlings,
You are a welcome gueſt if ſo you pleaſe.
Ionas. Hold take thy hire, I follow thée my friend.
M. Where is your budget let me beare it ſir.
Ionas. To one in peace, who ſaile as I do now,
Put truſt in him who ſuccoureth euery want.

Exeunt.

Oſe. When Prophets new inſpirde, preſume to force
And tie the power of heauen to their conceits,
When feare, promotion, pride, or ſimony,
Ambition, ſubtill craft, their thoughts diſguiſe,
Woe to the flocke whereas the ſhepheards foule,

For lo the Lord at vnawares ſhall plague
The careleſſe guide, becauſe his flocks do ſtray:
The axe alreadie to the tree is ſet,
Beware to tempt the Lord ye men of art.

Enter Alcon, Thraſibulus, Samia,
Cleſiphon a lad.

Cleſi. Mother, ſome meat or elſe I die for want.

Samia. Ah little boy how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants but naked need denies:
Thy fathers ſlender portion in this world,
By vſury and falſe deceit is loſt,
No charitie within this Citie bides:
All for themſelues, and none to helpe the poore.

Cleſi. Father ſhall Cleſiphon haue no reliefe?

Alcon Faith my boy I muſt be flat with thée, we muſt féed vpon prouerbes now. As neceſſitie hath no law, a churles feaſt is better then none at all, for other remedies haue we none, except thy brother Radagon helpe vs.

Samia. Is this thy ſlender care to helpe our childe?
Hath nature armde thée to no more remorſe?
Ah cruell man, vnkind, and pittileſſe,
Come Cleſiphon my boy, ile beg for thée.

Cleſi. Oh how my mothers mourning moueth me?

Alcon. Nay you ſhall paie mée intereſt for getting the boye (wife) before you carry him hence. Ah-laſſe woman what can Alcon do more? Ile plucke the belly out of my heart for thée ſweéte Samia, be not ſo waſpiſh.

Samia. Ah ſilly man I know thy want is great,
And foliſh I to craue where nothing is.
Haſte Alcon haſte, make haſte vnto our ſonne,
Who ſince he is in fauour of the King,
May helpe this hapleſſe Gentleman and vs.
For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

Thra. Haue patience Samia, waight your weale from heauen,
Tho Gods haue raiſde your ſonne I hope for this,

To succour innocents in their distresse.

Enters Radagon, Solus.

Lo where he comes from the imperiall Court,
Go let vs prostrate vs before his fete.

Alcon. May by my troth, ile neuer aske my sonne blessing, che trow, cha taught him his lesson to know his father, what sonne Radagon, yfaith boy how doest thee?

Rada. Villaine disturbe me not, I cannot stay.

Alcon. Tut sonne ile helpe you of that disease quickly, for I can hold thee, aske thy mother knaue what cunning I haue to ease a woman when a qualme of kindnesse come to neare her stomacke: Let me but claspe mine armes about her bodie and laie my praiers in her bosome, and she shall be healed presently.

Rada. Traitor vnto my Princely Maiestie,
How dar'st thou laie thy hands vpon a King?

Samia. No Traitor Radagon, but true is he,
What hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To scorne thy father when he visits thee?
Ah-lasse my sonne behold with ruthfull eyes,
Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale,
By subtile meanes of Vsurie and guile,
The Iudges eares are deaffe and shut vp close,
All mercie sleepes, then be thou in these plundges
A patron to thy mother in her paines,
Behold thy brother almost dead for fode,
Oh succour vs, that first did succour thee.

Rada. What succour me, false callet hence auant?
Old dotard pack, moue not my patience,
I know you not, Kings neuer looke so low.

Samia. You know vs not. Oh Radagon you know,
That knowing vs, you know your parents then,
Thou knowst this wombe first brought thee forth to light,
I know these paps did foster thee my sonne.

Alcon. And I know he hath had many a peece of bread & cheese at my hands, as proud as he is, that know I.

Thracib. I waight no hope of succours in this place,

Where

Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

Rada. Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge,
Within the browes of royall Radagon?
Villaine auant, hence beggers with your brats,
Marshall why whip you not these rogues away?
That thus disturbe our royall Maiestie.

Clesiphon. Mother I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a King:
For why methinke my brother in these fits,
Hath got a kingdome, and hath lost his wits.

Rada. Yet more contempt before my royaltie?
Slaues fetch out tortures worse then Tirius plagues,
And teare their tongs from their blasphemous heads.

Thrasi. Ile get me gone, tho woe begon with griefe,
No hope remaines, come Alcon let vs wend.

Ra. Twere best you did, for feare you catch your bane.

Samia. Nay Traitor, I wil haunt thee to the death,
Vngratious sonne, vntoward and peruerse,
Ile fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride,
And ring in euery eare thy small regard,
That doest despise thy parents in their wants,
And breathing forth my soule before thy face,
My curses still shall haunt thy hatefull head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

Enter Rasni King of Assiria, attended on by his soothsayers and Kings.

Rasni. How now, what meane these outcries in our Court?
Where nought should sound but harmonies of heauen,
What maketh Radagon so passionate?

Samia. Iustice O King, iustice against my sonne.

Rasni. Thy sonne: what sonne?

Samia. This cursed Radagon.

Rada. Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,
Which griefe and want hath brought the woman to,
What doth this passion hold you euerie Moone?

Samia. Oh pollitique in sinne and wicke onesse,
To impudent for to delude thy Prince.
Oh Rasni this same wombe first brought him forth,
This is his father, worne with care and age,
This is his brother, poore vnhaphie lad,
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him,
With tedious toyle we got our little good,
And brought him vp to schoole with mickle charge:
Lord how we ioy'd to see his towardnesse,
And to our selues we oft in silence said,
This youth when we are old may succour vs.
But now preferd and lifted vp by thee,
Wee quite destroyd by cursed vsurie,
He scorneth me, his father, and this childe.

Clesi. He plaies the Serpent right, described in Æsopes tale,
That sought the Fosters death that lately gaue him life.

Alcon. Nay and please your Maiesti-ship, for proofe he was my childe, search the parish booke, the Clarke wil sweare it, his godfathers and godmothers can witnesse it, it cost me fortie pence in ale and cakes on the wiues at his christning. Hence proud King, thou shalt neuer more haue my blessing.

He takes him apart.

Rasni. Say soth in secret Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Rada. Mightie King he is,
I blushing, tell it to your Maiestie.

Ras. Thy dost thou then contemne him & his friends?

Rada. Because he is a base and abiect swaine,
My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Unmete to be allied vnto a King.
Should I that looke on Rasnes countenance,
And march amidst his royall equipage,
Embase my selfe to speake to such as they?
Twere impious so to impaire the loue
That mightie Rasni beares to Radagon.
I would your grace would quit them from your sight

That dare presume to loke on loues compare.

Rasni. I like thy pride, I praise thy pollicie,
Such should they be that wait vpon my Court.
Let me alone to answere (Radagon.)
Villaines, seditious traitors as you be,
That scandalize the honour of a King,
Depart my Court you stales of impudence,
Vnlesse you would be parted from your limmes,
So base for to intitle father-hood,
To Rasnes friend, to Rasnes fauourite?

Rada. Hence begging scold, hence caitiue clogd with (yeares,
On paine of death reuisit not the Court.
Was I conceiu'd by such a scruuie trull,
Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt;
Go Lossell trot it to the cart and spade,
Thou art vnmeete to loke vpon a King,
Much lesse to be the father of a King.

Alcon. You may see wise what a goodly peece of worke you haue made, haue I tought you *Arsmetry*, as *additioni multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my labour. O pittifull hearing. Come Clesiphon follow me.

Clesi. Brother beware, I oft haue heard it told, (old.
That sonnes who do their fathers scorne, shall beg when they be

Exeut Alcon, Clesiphon,

Radagon. Hence bastard boy for feare you taste the whip.

Samia. O all you heauens, and you eternall powers,
That sway the sword of iustice in your hands,
(If mothers curses for her sonnes contempt,
May fill the ballance of your furie full)
Powre downe the tempest of your direfull plagues,
Vpon the head of cursed Radagon.

Vpon this praier she departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.

So you are iust, now triumph Samia. *Exit* Samia.

Rasni

Rasni. What eyrcising charme, or hatefull hag,
Hath ravished the pride of my delight?
What torteous planets, or malevolent
Conspiring power, repining destenie
Hath made the concaue of the earth inclose,
And shut in ruptures lowely Radagon?
If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,
King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the seas,
What daring Saturne from his fierie denne,
Doth dart these furious flames amidst my Court?
I am not chiefe, there is more great then I,
What greater then Th'assirian *Satrapos*?
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

Soothsaier. Monarch and Potentate of all our Prouinces,
Muse not so much vpon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous,
The hill of *Scicely*, dread Soueraigne,
Sometime on sodaine doth euacuate,
Whole flakes of fire, and spues out from below
The sundrie brands that Vulcans bellowes driue,
Whether by windes inclosed in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,
Such chances as was this, are often seene,
Whole Cities suncke, whole Countries drowned quite,
Then muse not at the losse of Radagon.
But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.
Let cloathes of purple set with studdes of gold,
Embellished with all the pride of earth,
Be spred for Aluida to sit vpon.
Then thou like Mars courting the quéene of loue,
Maist driue away this melancholy fit.

Rasni. The proofe is good and philosophicall,
And more, thy counsaile plausible and swéete.
Come Lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
Earth will repaie him many Radagons,

And

And Aluida with pleasant lokes reuiue,
The heart that droupes for want of Radagon.

Exeunt.

Oseas. When disobedience raigneth in the childe,
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde.
When lawes do passe by fauour, not by truth,
When falshood swarmeth both in old and youth.
When gold is made a god to wrong the poore,
And charitie exilde from rich mens doore.
When men by wit do labour to disproue,
The plagues for sinne, sent downe by God aboue.
Where great mens eares are stop to good aduice,
And apt to heare those tales that feed their vice.
Woe to the land, for from the East shall rise,
A lambe of peace, the scourge of vanities.
The iudge of truth, the patron of the iust,
Who soone will laie presumption in the dust.
And giue the humble poore their hearts desire,
And doome the worldlings to eternall fire.
Repent all you that heare, for feare of plagues,
O London, this and more doth swarme in thee,
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see.
With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse,
The swoord of iustice drawne alreadie is.

Enter the Clowne and the Smiths wife.

Clowne. Why but heare you mistresse, you know a womans eies are like a paire of pattens fit to saue shoeleather in sommer, and to keepe away the cold in winter, so you may like your husband with the one eye, because you are married, and me with the other, because I am your man. Alasse, alasse, think mistresse what a thing loue is, why it is like to an ostry fagot, that once set on fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird Crocodill driuen out of her neast.

Wife. Thy Adam cannot a woman winke but she must sleep, and can she not loue but she must crie it out at the Crosse, know

Adam, I loue thée as my ſelfe, now that we are together in ſecret.

Clown. Mil. theſe words of yours are like to a Fox taile placed in a gentle womans Fanne, which as it is light, ſo it giueth life. Oh theſe words are as ſweete as a lilly, wherupon offering a bo-rachio of kiſſes to your vnſeemly perſonage, I entertaine you vpon further acquaintance.

Wife. Alaſſe my huſband comes.

Clowne. Strike vp the drum, and ſay no words but mum.

Smith. Sirrha you, and you huſwife, well taken togither, I haue long ſuſpected you, and now I am glad I haue found you togither.

Clowne. Truly ſir, and I am glad that I may do you any way pleaſure, either in helping you or my miſtreſſe.

Smith. Boy here, and knaue you ſhall know it ſtraight, I wil haue you both before the Magiſtrate, and there haue you ſurely puniſhed.

Clowne. Why then maiſter you are iealous?

Smith. Ielous knaue, how can I be but iealous, to ſée you euer ſo familiar togither? Thou art not only content to drinke away my goods, but to abuſe my wife.

Clowne. Two good quallities, drunkenneſſe and leachery, but maiſter are you iealous?

Smith. I knaue and thou ſhalt know it ere I paſſe, for I will beſwindge thée while this roape will hold.

Wife. My good huſband abuſe him not, for he neuer proffered you any wrong,

Smith. Nay whore, thy part ſhall not be behinde.

Clowne. Why ſuppoſe maiſter I haue offended you, is it lawfull for the maiſter to beate the ſeruant for all offences?

Smith. I marry is it knaue.

Clowne. Then maiſter wil I proue by logicke, that ſéeing all ſinnes are to receiue correction, the maiſter is to be corrected of the man, and ſir I pray you, what greater ſinne is, then iealouſie? tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himſelfe. Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you good maiſter, and to make a white

ſonne of you, I will ſo beſwinge iealouſie out of you, as you ſhall loue me the better while you liue.

Smith. What beate thy maiſter knaue?

Clowne. What beat thy man knaue? and I maiſter, and double beate you, becauſe you are a man of credite, and therfore haue at you the faireſt for fortie pence.

Smith. Alaſſe wife, help, helpe, my man kils me.

Wife. Nay, euen as you haue baked ſo brue, iealouſie muſt be driuen out by extremities.

Clowne. And that will I do, miſtreſſe.

Smith. Hold thy hand Adam, and not only I forgiue and forget all, but I will giue thée a good Farme to liue on.

Clowne. Begone Peaſant, out of the compaſſe of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice, and at night I wil bring home my miſtreſſe.

Smith. Euen when you pleaſe good Adam.

Clowne. When I pleaſe, marke the words, tis a leaſe paroll, to haue and to hold, thou ſhalt be mine for euer, and ſo lets go to the Ale-houſe.

Exeunt.

Oſeas. Where ſeruants gainſt maiſters do rebell,
The Common-weale may be accounted hell.
For if the feete the head ſhall hold in ſcorne,
The Cities ſtate will fall and be forlorne.
This error London, waiteth on thy ſtate,
Seruants amend, and maiſters leaue to hate.
Let loue abound, and vertue raigne in all,
So God will hold his hand that threatneth thrall.

Enter the Merchants of Tharſus, the M. of the ſhip, ſome Sailers, wet from ſea, with them the Gouernour of Ioppa.

Gouer. Iop. What ſtrange encounters met you on the ſea?
That thus your Barke is battered by the flouds,
And you returne thus ſea-wrackt as I ſée.

Mer. Moſt mightie gouernor the chance is ſtrange,
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which better then we, our M. can report.
Gouer. M. diſcourſe vs all the accident.
M. The faire Triones with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the fote of cleare Rootes a raine,
And in the wrath diſtinguiſhing the houres,
The Load-ſtarre of our courſe diſpearſt his cleare,
When to the ſeas with blithfull weſterne blaſts,
We ſaild amaine, and let the bowling flie:
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from ſight of land,
But lo an hoaſt of blacke and ſable cloudes,
Gan to eclips Lucinas ſiluer face,
And with a hurling noyſe from forth the South,
A guſt of winde did reare the billowes vp,
Then ſcantled we our ſailes with ſpèdie hands,
And toke our drablers from our bonnets ſtraight,
And ſeuered our bonnets from the courſes,
Our topſailes vp, we truſſe our ſprítſailes in,
But vainly ſtriue they that reſiſt the heauens.
For loe the waues incence them more and more,
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth,
Our Barke is battered by incountring ſtormes,
And welny ſtemd by breaking of the flouds,
The ſtéers-man pale, and carefull holds his helme,
Wherein the truſt of life and ſafetie laie,
Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)
Our ſailes were ſplit by Biſas bitter blaſt,
Our rudder broke and we bereft of hope,
There might yon ſee with pale and gaſtly lookes,
The dead in thought, and dolefull merchants lifts,
Their eyes and hands vnto their Countries Gods,
The goods we caſt in bowels of the ſea,
A ſacrifice to ſwage proud Neptunes ire,
Onely alone a man of Iſraell,
A paſſenger, did vnder hatches lie,

And

And slept secure, when we for succour praide:
Him I awoke, and said why slumberest thou?
Arise and pray, and call vpon thy God,
He will perhaps in pitie loke on vs.
Then cast we lots to know by whose amisse
Our mischiefe come, according to the guise,
And loe the lot did vnto Ionas fall,
The Israelite of whom I told you last,
Then question we his Country and his name,
Who answered vs, I am an Hebrue borne,
Who feare the Lord of heauen, who made the sea,
And fled from him for which we all are plagu'd,
So to asswage the furie of my God,
Take me and cast my carkasse in the sea,
Then shall this stormy winde and billow cease.
The heauens they know, the Hebrues God can tell,
How loth we were to execute his will:
But when no Dares nor labour might suffice,
We heaued the hapless Ionas ouer-bord.
So ceast the storme, and calmed all the sea,
And we by strength of oares recouered shoare.

Gouer. A wonderous chance of mighty consequence.

Mer. Ah honored be the God that wrought the same,
For we haue vowd, that saw his wonderous workes,
To cast away prophaned Paganisme,
And count the Hebrues God the onely God.
To him this offering of the purest gold,
This mirrhe and Cassia frely I do yeeld.

M. And on his altars perfume these Turkie clothes,
This gallampine and goldile sacrifice.

Sailer. To him my heart and thoughts I will addict,
Then suffer vs most mightie Gouernour,
Within your Temples to do sacrifice.

Gouer. You men of Tharsus follow me,
Who sacrifice vnto the God of heauen,
And welcome frends to Ioppais Gouernor. *Exeunt* a sacrifice.

Oseas. If warned once, the Ethnicks thus repent,
And at the first their errour do lament:
What senslesse beasts deuoured in their sinne,
Are they whom long perswations cannot winne.
Beware ye westerne Cities where the word
Is daily preached both at church and boord:
Where maiestie the Gospell doth maintaine,
Where Preachers for your good, themselues do paine.
To dally long, and still protract the time,
The Lord is iust, and you but dust and slime:
Presume not far, delaie not to amend,
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
Cast thy account ô London in this case,
Then iudge what cause thou hast, to call for grace.

Ionas the Prophet cast out of the Whales belly vpon the Stage.

Ionas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold thy hands of mercy reares me vp,
Loe from the hidious bowels of this fish,
Thou hast returnd me to the wished aire,
Loe here apparant witnesse of thy power,
The proud Leuiathan that scoures the seas,
And from his nosthrils showres out stormy flouds,
Whose backe resists the tempest of the winde,
Whose presence makes the scaly troupes to shake,
With humble stresse of his broad opened chappes,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging flouds.
Thus though my sin hath drawne me down to death,
Thy mercy hath restored me to life.
Bow ye my knées, and you my bashfull eyes,
Weepe so for griefe, as you to water would:
In trouble Lord I called vnto thée,
Out of the belly of the dæpest hell,
I cride, and thou didst heare my voice O God:

Tis thou hadst cast me downe into the deepe,
The seas and flouds did compasse me about,
I thought I had bene cast from out thy sight,
The weeds were wrapt about my wretched head,
I went vnto the bottome of the hilles,
But thou O Lord my God hast brought me vp.
On thée I thought when as my soule did faint,
My praiers did preasse before thy mercy seate.
Then will I paie my vowes vnto the Lord,
For why saluation commeth from his throane.

The Angell appeareth.

Angell. Ionas arise, get thée to Niniuie,
And preach to them the preachings that I bad:
Haste thée to sée the will of heauen performd.

Depart Angell.

Ionas. Iehouah I am Priest to do thy will.
What coast is this, and where am I arriu'd?
Behold swéete Licas streaming in his boundes,
Bearing the walles of haughtie Niniuie,
Wheras thrée hundered towns do tempt the heauen.
Faire are thy walles pride of Assiria,
But lo thy sinnes haue pierced through the cloudes.
Here will I enter boldly, since I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists.

Exet.

Oseas. You Prophets learne by Ionas how to liue,
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning giue.
Who knowes his maisters will and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes full well I wot.

Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of Cilicia, her Ladies.

Aluida. Ladies go sit you downe amidst this bowre,
And let the Eunickes plaie you all a slépe:
Put garlands made of Roses on your heads,

And

And plaie the wantons whilſt I talke a while.
Lady. Thou beautifull of all the world, we will.
Enter the bowers.
Aluid. King of Cilicia, kind and curtious,
Like to thy ſelfe, becauſe a louely King,
Come laie thee downe vpon thy miſtreſſe knee,
And I will ſing and talke of loue to thee.
King Cili. Moſt gratious Paragon of excellence,
It fits not ſuch an abiect Prince as I,
To talke with Raſnes Paramour and loue.
Al. To talke ſweet friend? who wold not talke with thee?
Oh be not coy, art thou not only faire?
Come twine thine armes about this ſnow white neck,
A loue-neſt for the great Aſſirian King,
Blushing I tell thee faire, Cilician Prince,
None but thy ſelfe can merit ſuch a grace.
K. Ci. Madam I hope you mean not for to mock me:
Al. No king, faire king, my meaning is to yoke thee.
Heare me but ſing of loue, then by my ſighes,
My teares, my glauncing lookes, my changed cheare,
Thou ſhalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.
K. Ci. Sing Madam if you pleaſe, but loue in ieſt,
Aluid. Nay, I will loue, and ſigh at euery reſt.

Song.

Beautie alaſſe where waſt thou borne?
Thus to hold thy ſelfe in ſcorne:
When as Beautie kiſt to wooe thee,
Thou by Beautie doeſt vndo mee.
Heigho, deſpiſe me not.
I and thou in ſooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none:
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton
Yeeld a cruell heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reaſon,
Crueltie is curſed treaſon.
Heigho I loue, heigho I loue,
Heigho, and yet he eies me not. King.

King. Madam your song is passing passionate.
Alui. And wilt thou not then pitie my estate?
King. Aske loue of them who pitie may impart.
Alui. I aske of thée swéet, thou hast stole my hart.
King. Your loue is fixed on a greater King.
Alui. Tut womens loue, it is a fickle thing.
I loue my Rasni for my dignitie.
I loue Cilician King for his swéete eye.
I loue my Rasni since he rules the world.
But more I loue this kingly litle world. Embrace him.
How swéete he lookes? Oh were I Cinthias Pheere,
And thou Endimion, I should hold thée déere:
Thus should mine armes be spred about thy necke.
Embrace his necke.
Thus would I kisse my loue at euery becke.
Kisse.
Thus would I sigh to sée thée swéetly sléepe:
And if thou wakest not soone, thus would I wéepe.
And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I loue thée.
Kisse him.
King. For all these vowes, beshrow me if I proue you:
My faith vnto my King shall not be falc'd.
Alui. Good Lord how men are coy when they are crau'd?
King. Madam behold our King approacheth nie.
Alui. Thou art Endimion, then no more, heigho for him I die.
Faints. Point at the king of Cilicia.
Enter Rasni, with his Kings and Lords.
What ailes the Center of my happinesse,
Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?
Thine eyes the motors to command my world,
Thy hands the axier to maintaine my world.
Thy smiles, the prime and spring-tide of my world.
Thy frownes, the winter to afflict the world.
Thou Quéene of me, I King of all the world.
Alui. Ah féeble eyes lift vp and looke on him, She riseth as out
Is Rasni here? then droupe no more poore hart, (of a traunce.

Oh how I fainted when I wanted thée:

(Embrace him.

How faine am I, now I may loke on thée?
How glorious is my Raſni? how diuine?
Eunukes play himmes, to praiſe his deitie:
He is my Ioue, and I his Iuno am.

Raſni. Sun-bright, as is the eye of ſommers day,
When as he ſutes Spenori all in gold,
To woe his Leda in a ſwanlike ſhape.
Sæmely as Galbocia for thy white:
Roſe-coloured, lilly, louely, wanton kinde,
Be thou the laborinth to tangle loue,
Whilſt I command the crowne from Venus creſt:
And pull Onoris girdle from his loines,
Enchaſt with Carbunckles and Diamonds,
To beautifie faire Aluida my loue.
Play Eunukes, ſing in honour of her name,
Yet loke not ſlaues vpon her woing eyne,
For ſhe is faire Lucina to your king,
But fierce Meduſa to your baſer eie.

Alui. What if I ſlept, where ſhould my pillow be?

Raſni. Within my boſome Nimph, not on my knée.
Sléepe like the ſmiling puritie of heauen,
When mildeſt wind is loath to blend the peace,
Meane-while thy balme ſhall from thy breath ariſe,
And while theſe cloſures of thy lampes be ſhut,
My ſoule may haue his peace from fancies warre.
This is my Morane, and I her Cephalus.
Wake not too ſone ſwéete Nimph, my loue is wonne:
Catnies why ſtaie your ſtraines, why tempt you me?

Enter the Prieſt of the ſunne, vvith the miters on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.

Prieſt. All haile vnto Th'aſſirian deitie.

Raſ. Prieſts why preſume you to diſturbe my peace?

Prieſt. Raſni, the deſtinies diſturbe thy peace.

Behold

Behold amidst the addittes of our Gods,
Our mightie Gods the patrons of our warre.
The ghost of dead men howling walke about,
Crying Ve, Ve, wo to this Citie woe.
The statutes of our Gods are throwne downe,
And streames of blood our altars do distaine.

Aluida. Ah-lasse my Lord what tidings do I hear?
Shall I be slaine?

She starteth.

Rasni. Who tempteth Aluida?
Go breake me vp the brazen dores of dreames,
And binde me cursed Morpheus in a chaine,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,
Because they do disturbe my Aluida.

A hand from out a cloud, threatneth a burning sword.

K. Cili. Behold dread Prince, a burning sword from heauen,
Which by a threatning armeis brandished.

Rasni. What am I threatned then amidst my throane?
Sages? you Magi? speake: what meaneth this?

Sages. These are but clammy exhalations,
Or retro grade, coniunctions of the starres,
Or oppositions of the greater lights.
Diradiatrous finding matter fit,
That in the starrie Spheare kindled be,
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my Lord the King.

Rasni. Then frolicke Viceroies, Kings & potentates,
Drive all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.
Priests go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,
Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richest wine,
In spight of fortune, fate, or destinie.

Exeunt.

Oseas. Woe to the traines of womens foolish lust,
In wedlocke rights that yeeld but litle trust.

That vow to one, yet common be to all,
Take warning wantons, pride will haue a fall.
Woe to the land where warnings profit nought,
Who ſay that nature, Gods decrees hath wrought.
VVho build one fate, and leaue the corner ſtone,
The God of Gods, ſweete Chriſt the onely one.
If ſuch eſcapes ô London raigne in thee:
Repent, for why each ſin ſhall puniſht bee.
Repent, amend, repent, the houre is nie,
Defer not time, who knowes when he ſhall die?

Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.

Longer liues a merry man then a ſad, and becauſe I meane to make my ſelfe pleaſant this night, I haue put my ſelfe into this attire, to make a Clowne afraid that palleth this way: for of late there haue appeared many ſtrange apparitions, to the great feare and terror of the Citizens. Oh here my young maiſter comes.

Enters Adam and his miſtreſſe.

Adam. Feare not miſtreſſe, ile bring you ſafe home, if my maiſter frowne, then will I ſtampe and ſtare, and if all be not well then, why then to morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane with fortie pound.

VVife. Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke ſo late becauſe of the ſpirits that appeare in the Citie.

Adam. What are you afraid of ſpirits, armde as I am, with Ale, and Nutmegs, turne me loſe to all the diuels in hell.

VVife. Alaſſe Adam, Adam, the diuell, the diuell.

Adam. The diuell miſtreſſe, flie you for your ſafegard, let me alone, the diuell and I will deale well inough, if he haue any honeſtie at all in him, Ile either win him with a ſmooth tale, or elſe with a toſſe and a cup of Ale.

The Diuell ſings here.

Diuell. Oh, oh, oh, oh, faine would I bee,
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might ſee.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Clowne. Surely this is a merry diuell, and I beleeue he is

one

one of Lucifers Minstrels, hath a sweete voice, now surely, surely, he may sing to a paire of Tongs and a Bag-pipe.

Diuell. Oh thou art he that I seeke for.

Clowne. Spritus santus, away from me satan, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Diuell. Oh villaine thou art mine.

Clowne. Nominus patrus, I blesse me from thee, and I coniure thee to tell me who thou art?

Diuell. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slaine in thy company when we were drunke togither at the Ale.

Clown. By my troth sir, I cry you mercy, your face is so changed, that I had quite forgotten you, well maister diuell we haue tost ouer many a pot of Ale togither.

Diuell. And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

Clowne. I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hote place, and I know my selfe, the Smith and the diuel hath a drie toth in his head, therefore will I leaue him a sleepe and runne my way.

Diuell. Come art thou readie.

Clowne. Faith sir my old friend, and now godman diuell, you know, you and I haue bene tolling many a god cup of Ale, your nose is growne verie rich, what say you, will you take a pot of Ale now at my hands, hell is like a Smiths forge full of water, and yet euer a thrust.

Diuell. No Ale villaine, spirits cannot drinke, come get by on my backe, that I may carrie thee.

Clowne. You know I am a Smith sir, let me loke whether you be well shod or no, for if you want a shoe, a remoue, or the clinching of a naile, I am at your command.

Diuell. Thou hast neuer a shoe fit for me.

Clowne. Why sir, we shoe horned beasts as well as you, Oh god Lord let me sit downe and laugh, hath neuer a clouen foote, a diuell quoth he, ile vse spritus santus nor nominus patrus no more to him, I warrant you Ile do more god vpon him with my cudgell, now will I sit me downe and become Iustice of peace to the diuell.

Diuell. Come art thou readie?

Clowne. I am readie. And with this cudgell I will coniure thee.

Diuell. Oh hold thy hand, thou kilst me, thou kilst me.

Clowne. Then may I count my selfe I thinke a tall man, that am able to kill a diuell. Now who dare deale with me in the parish, or what wench in Ninnie will not loue me, when they say, there goes he that beate the diuell.

Enters Thrasibulus.

Thrasi. Loathed is the life that now inforc'd I leade,
But since necessitie will haue it so,
(Necessitie it doth command the Gods)
Through euerie coast and corner now I prie,
To pilfer what I can to buy me meate.
Here haue I got a cloake not ouer old,
Which will afford some litle sustenance,
Now will I to the broaking Usurer,
To make exchange of ware for readie coine.

Alcon. Wife bid the Trumpets sound a prize, a prize, mark the posie, I cut this from a new married wife, by the helpe of a horne thombe and a knife, fiue shillings foure pence.

Samia. The better lucke ours, but what haue we here, cast apparell. Come away man, the Usurer is neare, this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

Thrasi. Here are my partners in my pouertie,
Inforc'd to seeke their fortunes as I do.
Ah-lasse that fewe men should possesse the wealth,
And many soules be forc'd to beg or steale.
Alcon well met.

Alcon. Fellow begger whither now?

Thrasi. To the Usurer to get gold on commoditie.

Alcon. And I to the same place to get a vent for my villany, see where the olde crust comes, let vs salute him, God speede sir may a man abuse your patience vpon a pawne.

Diuell.

Vsurer. Friend let me see it.

Alcon. *Ecce signum*, a faire doublet and hose, new bought out of the pilferers shop, a handsome cloake.

Vsurer. How were they gotten?

Thrasi. How catch the fisher-men fish? M. take them as you thinke them worth, we leaue all to your conscience.

Vsurer. Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to proue good members, vse me, command me, I will maintaine your credits, there's mony, now spend not your time in idlenesse, bring me commoditie I haue crownes for you, there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee.

Alcon. A bargaine, now Samia haue at it for a new smocke, come let vs to the spring of the best liquor, whilest this lasts, tril-lill.

Vsurer. Good fellowes, proper fellowes, my companions, farwell, I haue a pot for you.

Samia. If he could spare it.

Enters to them Ionas.

Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent,
The day of horror and of torment comes,
When greedie hearts shall glutted be with fire,
When as corruptions vailde, shall be vnmaskt,
When briberies shall be repaide with bane.
When whoredomes shall be recompenc'd in hell.
When riot shall with rigor be rewarded.
When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdaine of poore men, fatherlesse and sicke,
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Exet.

Vsurer.

Vſur. Confus'd in thought, oh whither ſhall I wend? (*Exet.*
Thraſi. My conſcience cries that I haue done amiſſe. (*Exet.*
Alcon. Oh God of heauen, gainſt thee haue I offended. (*Exet.*
Samia. Asham'd of my miſdæds, where ſhal I hide me? (*Exet.*
Cleſi. Father methinks this word repent is good,
He that puniſh diſobedience,
Doth hold a ſcourge for euery priuie fault. (*Exet.*

Oſeas. Looke London, look, with inward eies behold,
What leſſons the euents do here vnfold.
Sinne growne to pride, to miſery is thrall,
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.
Ye worldly men whom wealth doth lift on hie,
Beware and feare, for worldly men muſt die.
The time ſhall come, where leaſt ſuſpect remaines,
The ſword ſhall light vpon the wiſeſt braines.
The head that deemes to ouer-top the skie,
Shall periſh in his humaine pollicie.
Lo I haue ſaid, when I haue ſaid the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth.
When ſhew of zeale is prankt in robes of zeale,
When Miniſters powle the pride of common-weale?
When lavv is made a laborinth of ſtrife,
When honour yeelds him friend to vvicked life.
When Princes heare by others eares their follie,
When vſury is moſt accounted holie.
If theſe ſhall hap, as vvould to God they might not,
The plague is neare, I ſpeake although I vvrite not.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. *Oſeas.*
Oſeas. Lord.
An. Now hath thine eies peruſ'd theſe hainous ſins,
Hatefull vnto the mightie Lord of hoſtes,
The time is come, their ſinnes are waxen ripe,
And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent not:

Cuſtome

Custome of sinne hath hardned all their hearts,
Now comes reuenge armed with mightie plagues,
To punish all that line in Niniuie,
For God is iust as he is mercifull,
And doubtlesse plagues all such as scorne repent,
Thou shalt not sée the desolation
That falles vnto these cursed Niniuites,
But shalt returne to great Ierusalem,
And preach vnto the people of thy God,
What mightie plagues are incident to sinne,
Vnlesse repentance mittigate his ire:
Wrapt in the spirit as thou wert hither brought,
Ile seate thée in Iudeas prouinces,
Feare not Oseas then to preach the word.

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done.

Oseas taken away.

Enters Rasni with his Viceroyes, Aluida and her Ladies, to a banquet.

Rasni. Now Viceroyes you haue pleasde me passing well,
These curious cates are gratious in mine eye.
But these Bacchious of the richest wine,
Make me to thinke how blythsome we will be.
Seate thée faire Iuno in the royall throne,
And I will serue thée to sée thy face,
That feeding on the beautie of thy lookes,
My stomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.
Come Lordings seate you, fellow mates at feast,
And frolicke wags, this is a day of glée,
This banquet is for brightsome Aluida.
Ile haue them skinck my standing bowles with wine,
And no man drinke, but quaffe a whole carouse,
Vnto the health of beautious Aluida.
For who so riseth from this feast not drunke,
As I am Rasni Niniuies great King,
Shall die the death as traitor to my selfe,

For that he ſcornes the health of Aluida.

K. Cili. That will I neuer do my L.
Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,
Carowſe vnto the health of Aluida.

Raſni. Gramercy Lording, here I take thy pledge.
And Creete to thee a bowle of Greckiſh wine,
Here to the health of Aluida.

Creete. Let come my Lord, Jack ſcincker fil it full,
A pledge vnto the health of heauenly Aluida.

Raſni. Vaſſals attendant on our royall feaſts,
Drinke you I ſay vnto my louers health,
Let none that is in Raſnes royall Court,
Go this night ſafe and ſober to his bed.

Enters the Clowne.

Clowne. This way he is, and here will I ſpeake with him.

Lord. Fellow, whither preſſeſt thou?

Clowne. I preſſe no bodie ſir, I am going to ſpeake with a friend of mine.

Lord. Why ſlaue, here is none but the King and his Vice-royes.

Clowne. The King, marry ſir he is the man I would ſpeake withall.

Lord. Why calſt him a friend of thine?

Clowne. I marry do I ſir, for if he be not my friend, ile make him my friend ere he and I paſſe.

Lord. Away vaſſaile be gone, thou ſpeake vnto the King.

Clowne. I marry will I ſir, and if he were a king of veluet, I will talke to him.

Raſni. Whats the matter there, what noyce is that?

Clowne. A boone my Liege, a boone my Liege.

Raſni. What is it that great Raſni will not graunt
This day, vnto the meaneſt of his land?
In honour of his beautious Aluida?
Come hither ſwaine, what is it that thou craueſt?

Clowne. Faith ſir nothing, but to ſpeake a fewe ſentences to your worſhip.

Raſni

Rasni, say, what is it?

Clown. I am sure sir you haue heard of the spirits that walke in the Citie here.

Rasni. I, what of that?

Clown. Truly sir, I haue an oration to tel you of one of them, and this it is.

Alui. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

Clowne. Faith mistresse, I feele an imperfection in my voyce, a disease that often troubles me, but alasse easily mended, a cup of Ale, or a cup of wine, will serue the turne.

Alui. Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

Clown. Oh what a pretious word was that, and let him want no drinke. Well sir, now ile tel you forth my tale: Sir as I was comming alongst the port ryuale of Niniuie, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I saw: nay sir, he was a cuckoldly diuell, for he had hornes on his head. This diuell, marke you now, presseth vpon me, and sir indeed, I charged him with my pike staffe, but when ỹ would not serue, I came vpon him with *spyritus sanctus*, why it had bene able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits, when I saw my charme would not serue, I was in such a perplexitie, that fiue peny-worth of Iuniper would not haue made the place swéete againe.

Alui. Why fellow weart thou so afraid?

Clowne. Oh mistresse had you bene there and séene, his verie sight had made you shift a cleane smocke, I promise you though I were a man and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landresse calde me slouenly knaue the next day.

Rasni. A pleasaunt slaue, forward sirrha, on with thy tale.

Clowne. Faith sir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spoake.

Rasni. What was that fellow?

Clowne. Oh sir, a word of comfort, a pretious word: and let him want no drinke.

Rasni. Her word is lawe: and thou shalt want no drinke.

Clowne. Then ſir, this diuell came vpon me and would not be perſwaded but he would needs carry me to hell, I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking becauſe he came out of ſo hotte a place that he was thirſtie, but the diuell was not drie, and therfore the more ſorie was I, well, there was no remedie but I muſt with him to hell, and at laſt I caſt mine eye aſide, if you knew what I ſpied you would laugh, ſir I lokt from top to toe, and he had no clouen fæte. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and ſet my cap on the one ſide, & ſir grew to be a Juſtice of peace to the diuel. At laſt in a great fume, as I am very cholloricke, and ſometime ſo hotte in my faſtin fumes that no man can abide within twentie yards of me, I ſtart vp, and ſo bombaſted the diuell, that ſir he cried out, and ranne away.

Alui. This pleaſant knaue hath made me laugh my fill.
Raſni, now Aluida begins her quaffe,
And drinkes a full carouſe vnto her King.

Raſni. A pledge my loue, as hardie as great Ioue,
Drunke, when his Iuno beau'd a bowle to him.
Frolicke my Lord, let all the ſtanderds walke.
Ply it till euery man hath tane his load.
How now ſirrha, how cheere, we haue no words of you?

Clown. Truly ſir, I was in a browne ſtudy about my miſtreſſe.

Alui. About me for what?

Clowne. Truly miſtreſſe, to thinke what a golden ſentence you did ſpeake: all the philoſophers in the world could not haue ſaid more: what come let him want no drinke. Oh wiſe ſpeech.

Alui. Villaines why ſtinck you not vnto this fellow?
He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts.
Heard you not that the King hath giuen command,
That all be drunke this day within his Court,
In quaffing to the healthy of Aluida?

Enters Ionas.

Ionas Repent, repent, ye men of Niniuie repent.
The Lord hath ſpoken, and I do crie it out,
There are as yet but fortie daies remainings
And then ſhall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rasni. What fellow is this, that thus disturbes our feasts,
With outcries and alarams to repent.

Clowne. Oh sir, tis one goodman Ionas that is come from Iericho, and surely I thinke he hath seene some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day, my maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop, gaue me my Indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Ionas. Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rasni. Come hither fellow, what art, & from whence commest (thou?

Ionas. Rasni, I am a Prophet of the Lord,
Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes,
To cry destruction to the Niniuites,
O Niniuie thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy boundes,
To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.
Thus saith the Lord, the mightie God of hoste,
Your King loues chambering and wantonnesse,
Whoredome and murther do disdaine his Court,
He fauoureth couetous and drunken men.
Behold therefore all like a strumpet foule,
Thou shalt be iudg'd and punisht for thy crimes:
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,
The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue.
The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine.
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest sister is Lamana.
And *Sodome* on thy right hand seated is.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Exet offered.

Rasni. Staie Prophet, staie.

Ionas. Disturbe not him that sent me,
Let me performe the message of the Lord.

Exet.

Rasni.

Raſni. My ſoule is buried in the hell of thoughts,
Ah Aluida, I looke on thée with ſhame.
My Lords on ſodeine fire their eyes on ground,
As if diſmayd to looke vpon the heauens.
Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in ſinne.

Exet. His Sages.

Horror of minde, diſturbance of my ſoule,
Makes me agaſt, for Niniuies miſhap.
Lords ſée proclaim'd, yea ſée it ſtraight proclaim'd,
That man and beaſt, the woman and her childe,
For fortie daies in ſacke and aſhes faſt,
Perhaps the Lord will yéeld and pittie vs.
Beare hence theſe wretched blandiſhments of ſinne,
And bring me ſackcloth to attire your King.
Away with pompe, my ſoule is full of woe:
In pittie looke on Niniuie, O God.

Exet. A man.

Alui. Aſſaild with ſhame, with horror ouerborne,
To ſorrowes ſold, all guiltie of our ſinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.
Ah-laſſe, how dare we looke on heauenly light,
That haue diſpiſde the maker of the ſame?
How may we hope for mercie from aboue,
That ſtill diſpiſe the warnings from aboue?
Woes me, my conſcience is a heauie foe.
O patron of the poore oppreſt with ſinne,
Looke, looke on me, that now for pittie craue,
Aſſaild with ſhame, with horror ouerborne,
To ſorrow ſold, all guiltie of our ſinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

Exeunt.

Enter the Vſurer *ſolus*, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Vſurer. Groning in conſcience, burdened with my crimes,
The hell of ſorrow haunts me vp and downe.

Tread

Tread where I list, mée-thinkes the bléeding ghostes
Of those whom my corruption brought to noughts,
Do serue for stumbling blocks before my steppes.
The fatherlesse and widow wrongd by me.
The poore oppressed by my vsurie,
Mée-thinkes I sée their hands reard vp to heauen,
To crie for vengeance of my couetousnesse.
Where so I walke, Ile sigh and shunne my way.
Thus am I made a monster of the world,
Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my soule.
You mountaines shroude me from the God of truth.
Mée-thinkes I sée him sit to iudge the earth.
Sée how he blots me out of the booke of life.
Oh burthen more then Atna that I beare.
Couer me hilles, and shroude me from the Lord.
Swallow me Licas, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare,
Mée-thinkes the sentence of damnation soundes,
Die reprobate, and hie thée hence to hell.

The euill angell tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.

What fiend is this that temptes me to the death?
What is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die: what second charge is this?
Mée-thinks I heare a voice amidst mine eares,
That bids me staie: and tels me that the Lord
Is mercifull to those that do repent.
May I repent? oh thou my doubtfull soule?
Thou maist repent, the Iudge is mercifull.
Hence toles of wrath, stales of temptation,
For I will pray and sigh vnto the Lord.
In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
O Lord in rigor looke not on my sinnes.

He sits him downe in sack-cloathes, his hands and eyes reared to heauen.

Enters

Enters Aluida with her Ladies, with diſpiearſed lookes.

Alui. Come mournfull dames laie off your bꝛoꝛed locks,
And on your ſhoulders ſpꝛed diſpiearſed haires,
Let voice of muſicke ceaſe, where ſoꝛrow dwels.
Cloathed in ſackcloaths, ſigh your ſinnes with me.
Bemone your pꝛide, bewaile your lawleſſe luſts,
With faſting moꝛtifie your pampered loines:
Oh thinke vpon the hoꝛrour of your ſinnes.
Think, think, with me, the burthen of your blames,
Woe to thy pompe, fal, e beautie, fading floure,
Blaſted by age, by ſickneſſe, and by death.
Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious oyles,
Our rich array, that foſtered vs in ſinne.
Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our ſoules.
Oh would to God all nations might receiue,
A good example by our greeuous fall.

Ladies. You that are planted there where pleaſure dwels,
And thinkes your pompe as great as Niniuies,
May fall foꝛ ſinne as Niniuie doth now.

Alui. Mourne, mourne, let moane be all your melodie,
And pꝛay with me, and I will pꝛay foꝛ all.

Lord. O Loꝛd of heauen foꝛgiue vs our miſdeeds.

Ladies. O Loꝛd of heauen foꝛgiue vs our miſdeeds.

Vſurer. O Loꝛd of light foꝛgiue me my miſdeeds.

Enters Raſni, the Kings of Aſſiria, with his nobles in ſackcloath.

K. Cilicia. Be not ſo ouercome with griefe O King,
Leaſt you endanger life by ſoꝛrowing ſo.

Raſni. King of Cilicia, ſhould I ceaſe my griefe,
Where as my ſwarming ſinnes afflict my ſoule?
Vaine man know, this my burthen greater is,
Then euery pꝛiuate ſubiect in my land:
My life hath bene a loadſtarre vnto them,
To guide them in the laboꝛinth of blame,
Thus I haue taught them foꝛ to do amiſſe:

Then

Then muſt I weepe my friend for their amiſſe,
The fall of Niniuie is wrought by me:
I haue maintaind this Citie in her ſhame.
I haue contemn'd the warnings from aboue.
I haue vpholden inceſt, rape, and ſpoyle.
Tis I that wrought the ſinne, muſt weepe the ſinne.
Oh had I teares like to the ſiluer ſtreames,
That from the Alpine Mountains ſweetly ſtreame,
Or had I ſighes the treaſures of remorſe,
As plentifull as Æolus hath blaſts,
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,
And pierce the throane of mercy by my ſighes.

K.Cil. Heauens are prepitious vnto faithful praiers.

Raſni. But after our repent, we muſt lament:
Leaſt that a worſer miſchiefe doth befall.
Oh pray, perhaps the Lord will pitie vs.
Oh God of truth both mercifull and iuſt,
Behold repentant men with pitious eyes,
We waile the life that we haue led before.
O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Raſni. Let not the Infants dallying on the tent,
For fathers ſinnes in iudgement be oppreſt.

K.Cil. Let not the painfull mothers big with childe,
The innocents be puniſht for our ſinne.

Raſni. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Raſni. O Lord of heauen, the virgins weepe to thee.
The couetous man forie ſorie for his ſinne.
The Prince and powre, all pray before thy throane.
And wilt thou then be wroth with Niniuie?

K.Cili. Giue truce to praier O king, and reſt a ſpace.

Raſni. Giue truce to praiers, when times require no truce?
No Princes no. Let all our ſubiects hie
Vnto our temples, where on humbled knees,
I will erſpect ſome mercy from aboue. Enter the temple *Omnes.*

Enters Ionas, ſolus.

Ionas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath ſaid

That Niniuie ſhall quite be ouerthrowne.
This is the day of horror and miſhap,
Fatall vnto the curſed Niniuites.
Theſe ſtately Towers ſhall in thy watery bounds,
Swift flowing Licas find their burials,
Theſe pallaces the pride of Aſſurs kings,
Shall be the bowers of deſolation,
Where as the ſollitary bird ſhall ſing,
And Tygers traine their yong ones to their neſt.
O all ye nations bounded by the Weſt,
Ye happie Iles where Prophets do abound,
Ye Cities famous in the weſterne world,
Make Niniuie a preſident for you.
Leaue leaud deſires, leaue couetous delights.
Flie vſurie, let whoredome be exilde,
Leaſt you with Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Loe how the ſunnes inflamed torch preuailes,
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.
Here will I ſit me downe and fixe mine eye
Vpon the ruines of yon wretched towne,
And lo a pleaſant ſhade, a ſpreading vine,
To ſhelter Ionas in this ſunny heate,
What meanes my God, the day is done and ſpent.
Lord ſhall my Prophecie be brought to nought?
When falles the fire? when will the iudge be wroth?
I pray thee Lord remember what I ſaid,
When I was yet within my country land,
Iehouah is too mercifull I feare.
O let me flie before a Prophet fault,
For thou art mercifull the Lord my God,
Full of compaſſion and of ſufferance,
And doeſt repent in taking puniſhment.
Why ſtaies thy hand? O Lord firſt take my life,
Before my Propheſie be brought to noughts.
Ah he is wroth, behold the gladſome vine
That did defend me from the ſunny heate,
Is withered quite, and ſwallowed by a Serpent.

A Serpent deuoureth the vine.

Now

Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my browes,
And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. Art thou so angry Ionas? tell me why?
Ionas. Iehouah I with burning heate am plungde,
And shadowed only by a silly vine,
Behold a Serpent hath deuoured it?
And lo the sunne incenst by Easterne winde,
Afflicts me with Cariculer aspect,
Would God that I might die, for well I wot,
Twere better I were dead, then rest aliue.
Angell. Ionas art thou so angry for the vine?
Ionas. Yea I am angry to the death my God.
Angell. Thou hast compassion Ionas on a vine,
On which thou neuer labour didst bestow,
Thou neuer gauest it life or power to grow,
But sodeinly it sprung, and sodeinly dide.
And should not I haue great compassion
On Niniuie the Citie of the world,
Wherein there are a hundred thousand soules,
And twentie thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, beside much cattle.
Oh Ionas, looke into their Temples now,
And see the true contrition of their King:
The subiects teares, the sinners true remorse.
Then from the Lord proclaime a mercie day,
For he is pitifull as he is iust.

Exet Angelus.

Ionas. I go my God to finish thy command,
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talke his praises with a feruent tong.
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen.
He drawes the yoake of bondage from the iust,
And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitious eyes:
To him all praise and honour be ascribed.
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,
He makes the infant to proclaime his truth,

The Aſſe to ſpeake, to ſaue the Prophets life.
The earth and ſea to yéld increaſe for man.
Who can deſcribe the compaſſe of his power?
Or teſtifie in termes his endleſſe might?
My rauiſht ſpright, oh whither doeſt thou wend?
Go and proclaime the mercy of my God.
Relieue the carefull hearted Niniuites.
And as thou weart the meſſenger of death,
Go bring glad tydings of recouered grace.

Enters Adam ſolus, with a bottle of beere in one ſlop, and a great peece of beefe in an other.

Well good-man Ionas, I would you had neuer come from Iury to this Country, you haue made me looke like a leane rib of roaſt béefe, or like the picture of lent, painted vpon a read-herings cob. Alaſſe maiſters, we are commanded by the proclamation to faſt and pray, by my troth I could prettely ſo, ſo, away with praying, but for faſting, why tis ſo contrary to my nature, that I had rather ſuffer a ſhort hanging, then a long faſting. Marke me, the words be theſe. Thou ſhalt take no maner of foode for ſo many daies. I had as léeue he ſhould haue ſaid, thou ſhalt hang thy ſelfe for ſo many daies. And yet in faith I néed not finde fault with the proclamation, for I haue a buttry, and a pantry, and a kitchen, about me, for proofe, *Ecce ſignum*, this right ſlop is my pantry, behold a manchet, this place is my kitchin, for loe a péece of béefe. Oh let me repeat that ſwéet word againe: For loe a péece of béef. This is my buttry, for ſée, ſée, my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of béere. Thus alaſſe I make ſhift to weare out this faſting, I driue away the time, but there go Searchers about to ſéeke if any man breakes the Kings command. Oh here they be, in with your victuals Adam.

Enters two Searchers.

1. Searcher. How duly the men of Niniuie kéep the proclamation, how are they armde to repentance? we haue ſearcht through the whole Citie & haue not as yet found one that breaks the faſt.

2. Sear. The ſigne of the more grace, but ſtaie, here ſits one mée-thinkes at his praiers, let vs ſée who it is.

1. Sear. Tis *Adam*, the Smithes man, how now *Adam*?

Adam. Trouble me not, thou ſhalt take no maner of foode, but faſt

fast and pray.

1. Sear. How deuoutly he sits at his orysons, but staie, mée thinkes I féele a smell of some meate or bread about him.

2. Sear. So thinkes me too, you sirrha, what victuals haue you about you?

Adam. Victuals! Oh horrible blasphemie! Hinder me not of my praier, nor driue me not into a chollor, victailes! why hardst thou not the sentence, thou shalt take no foode but fast and pray?

2. Sear. Truth so it should be, but me-thinkes I smell meate about thée.

Adam. About me my friends, these words are actions in the Case, about me, No, no: hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

1. Sear. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me, take héed what you do, my hose are my castles, tis burglary if you breake ope a slop, no officer must lift vp an iron hatch, take héede my slops are iron.

2. Sear. Oh villaine, sée how he hath gotten victailes, bread, béefe, and béere, where the King commanded vpon paine of death none should eate for so many daies, no not the sucking infant.

Adam. Alasse sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet vt medicus daret*, why sir, a bit to comfort my stomacke.

1. Sear. Villaine thou shalt be hangd for it.

Adam. These are your words, I shall be hangd for it, but first answer me to this question, how many daies haue we to fast stil?

2. Sear. Fiue daies.

Adam. Fiue daies, a long time, then I must be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you sir, for I had rather be hangd thé abide so long a fast, what fiue daies? come ile vntrusse, is your halter and the gallowes, the ladder, and all such furniture in readinesse?

1. Sear. I warrant thée, shalt want none of these.

Adam. But heare you, must I be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry.

Adam. And for eating of meate, then friends, know ye by these presents, I will eate vp all my meate, and drink vp all my drink, for it shall neuer be said, I was hangd with an emptie stomake.

1. Sear. Come away knaue, wilt thou ſtand ſéding now?

Adam. If you be ſo haſtie, hang your ſelfe an houre while I come to you, for ſurely I will eate vp my meate.

2. Sear. Come lets draw him away perforce.

Adam. You ſay there is fiue daies yet to faſt, theſe are your

2. Sear. I ſir. (words.

Adam. I am for you, come lets away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles.

Enter Ionas, Raſni, Aluida, kings of Cilicia, others royally attended

Ionas. Come carefull King, caſt off thy mournfull wéedes,
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to ſmothed ſmiles,
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throane of grace,
Thy ſighes like Imence pleaſing to the Lord:
Haue bene peace-offerings for thy former pride.
Reioyce and praiſe his name that gaue thée peace.
And you faire Nymphs, ye louely Niniuites,
Since you haue wept and faſted for the Lord,
Ye graciouſly haue tempered his reuenge,
Beware henceforth to tempt him any more,
Let not the niceneſſe of your beautious lookes,
Ingraft in you a high preſuming minde,
For thoſe that climbe, he caſteth to the ground,
And they that humble be, he lifts aloft.

Raſni. Lowly I bend with awfull bent of eye,
Before the dread Iehouah, God of hoſte,
Deſpiſing all prophane deuice of man,
Thoſe luſtfull lures that whilome led awry,
My wanton eyes ſhall wound my heart no more:
And ſhe whoſe youth in dalliance I abuſ'd,
Shall now at laſt become my wedlocke mate.
Faire Aluida looke not ſo woe begone:
If for thy ſinne thy ſorrow do exceed,
Bleſſed be thou, come with a holy band,
Lets knit a knot to ſalue our former ſhame.

Alui. With bluſhing lookes betokening my remorſe,
I lowly yéld my King to thy behéſt,
So as this man of God ſhall thinke it good.

Ionas. Woman, amends may neuer come too late.

A will to practise godueſſe, vertuous.
The God of heauen when ſinners do repent,
Doth more reioyce then in ten thouſand iuſt.
Raſni. Then witneſſe holie Prophet our accord,
Alui. Plight in the preſence of the Lord thy God.
Ionas. Bleſt may you be, like to the flouring ſheaues,
That plaie with gentle windes in ſommer tide,
Like Oliue branches let your children ſpred:
And as the Pines in loftie Libanon,
Or as the Kids that fede on Lepher plaines,
So be the ſæde and offpring of your loines.
Enters the Vſurer, Gentleman, and Alcon.
Vſurer. Come forth my friends whom wittingly I wronged,
Before this man of God receiue your due,
Before our King I meane to make my peace.
Ionas behold in ſigne of my remorſe,
I heare reſtore into theſe pore mens hands,
Their goods which I vniuſtly haue detaind,
And may the heauens ſo pardon my miſdeeds,
As I am penitent for my offence.
Thraſi And what through want from others I purloynd,
Behold O King, I proffer fore thy throane:
To be reſtord to ſuch as owe the ſame.
Ionas. A vertuous deed pleaſing to God and man,
Would God all Cities drowned in like ſhame,
Would take example of theſe Niniuites.
Raſni. Such be the fruites of Niniues repent,
And ſuch for euer may our dealings be,
That he that cald vs home in height of ſinne,
May ſmile to ſée our hartie penitence.
Viceroyes proclaime a faſt vnto the Lord,
Let Iſraels God be honoured in our land.
Let all occaſion of corruption die.
For who ſhall fault therein, ſhall ſuffer death.
Beare witneſſe God, of my vnfained zeale.
Come holie man, as thou ſhalt counſaile me,
My Court and Citie ſhall reformed be.

Exeunt.

Ionas. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course,
You Flanders on whom the milder aire
Doth sweetly breath the balme of kinde increase:
Whose lands are fatned with the dewe of heauen,
And made more fruitfull then Aetean plaines.
You whom delitious pleasures dandle soft:
Whose eyes are blinded with securitie,
Unmaske your selues, cast error cleane aside.
O London, mayden of the wilfresse Ile,
Wrapt in the foldes and swathing cloutes of shame:
In thee more sinnes then Niniuie containes,
Contempt of God, dispight of reuerend age.
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poore:
Corruption, whordome, drunkennesse, and pride.
Swolne are thy browes with impudence and shame.
O proud adulterous glorie of the West,
Thy neighbors burns, yet doest thou feare no fire.
Thy Preachers crie, yet doest thou stop thine eares.
The larum rings, yet slëepest thou secure.
London awake, for feare the Lord do frowne,
I set a looking Glasse before thine eyes.
O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,
And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Quëene,
Defers the plague which otherwise would fall.
Repent O London, least for thine offence,
Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preserue,
That she may bide the pillar of his Church,
Against the stormes of Romish Antichrist:
The hand of mercy ouerhead her head,
And let all faithfull subiects say, Amen.

FINIS.